

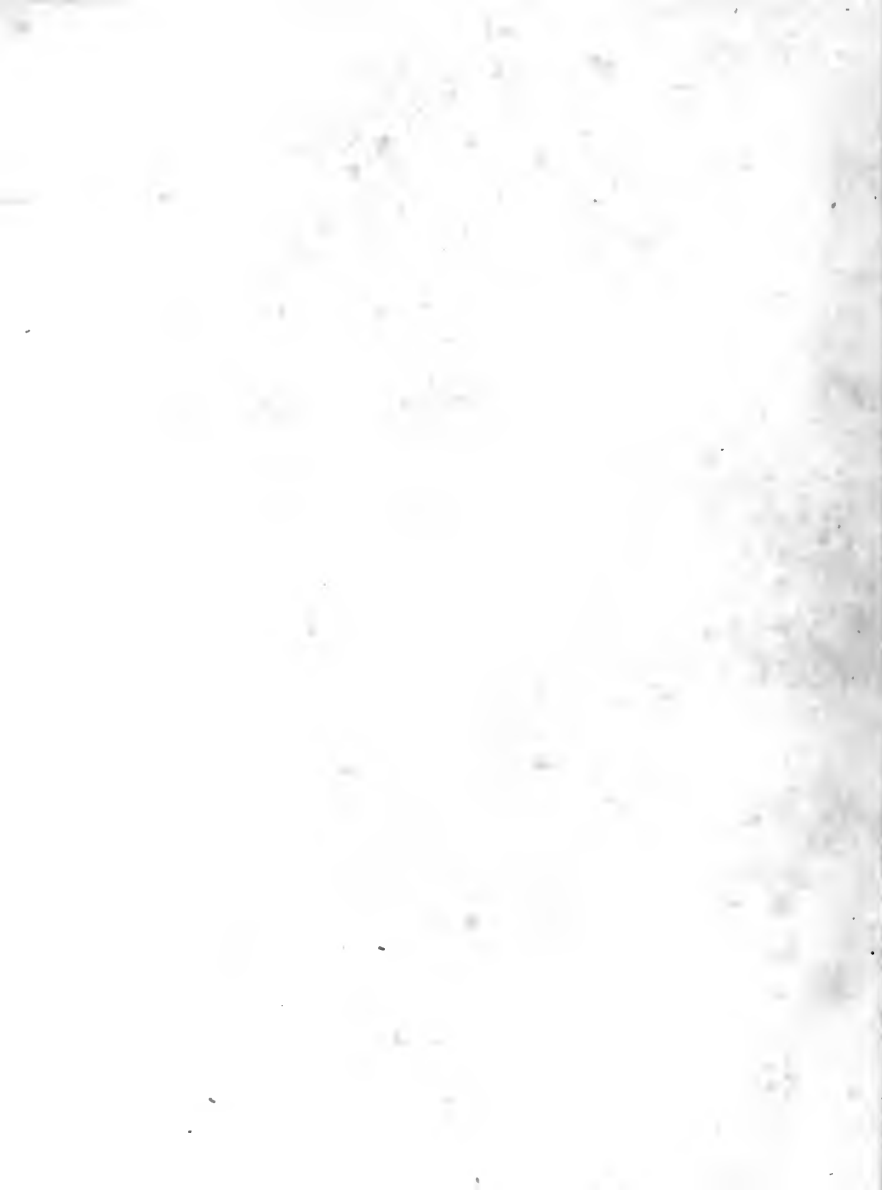


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Given by the family of
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THE HOWLER

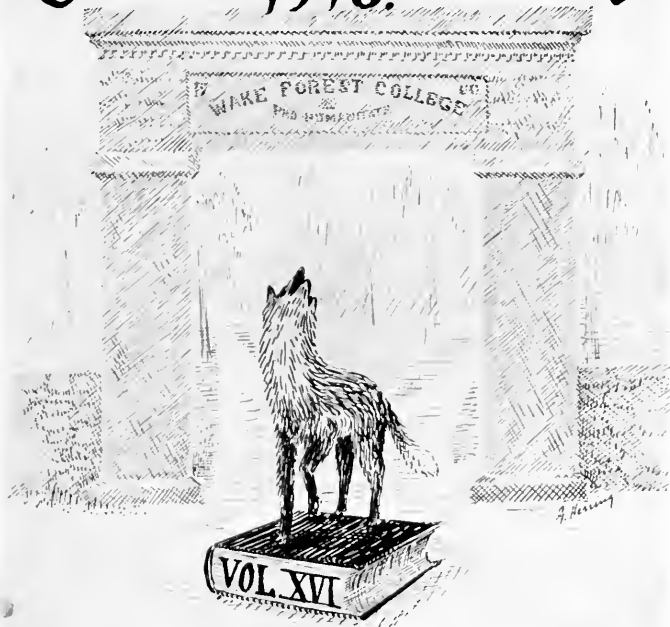
VOLUME SIXTEEN

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN



The Bowler

1918.



PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE
PHILOMATHESIAN AND EUZELIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

contents



TO
FURNIFOLD McLENDEL SIMMONS
THE MODEST COUNTRY BOY WHO WAS A STUDENT IN WAKE FOREST
COLLEGE IN 1868-1870
AND HAS SINCE BECOME ONE OF THE MOST TRUSTED OF THE STATESMEN OF THIS
COMMONWEALTH AND ONE OF THE GREAT LEADERS OF THE REPUBLIC
OF THE UNITED STATES, THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED BY THE
EDITORS AS AN EVIDENCE OF HIS ALMA MATER'S
ADMIRATION FOR HIS ILLUSTRIOUS CAREER



Yours Truly
H. M. Simmons

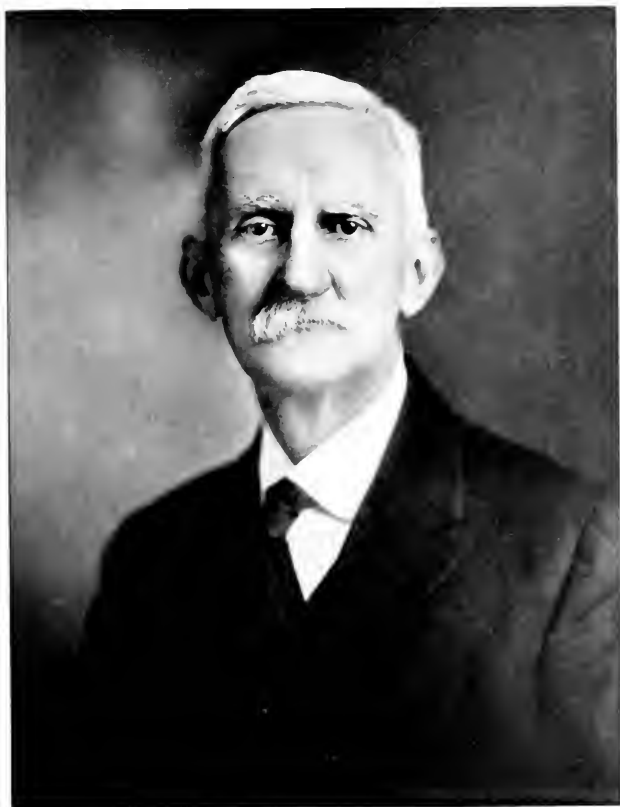
FURNIFOLD McLENDEL SIMMONS

FIVE MEN represent the four periods of the history of the State of North Carolina: William R. Davie and Willie Jones represent the Revolutionary period, Nathaniel Macon the Constructive period that followed, Zebulon Baird Vance the Civil War period, and F. M. Simmons the Constructive period from Vance to the present hour; and the star of Simmons is yet in the ascendant. Farmer, lawyer, member of the National House of Representatives, Collector of Internal Revenue, United States Senator, chief-tain of the dominant political party in North Carolina, faithful in all and equal to every occasion, for thirty-one years his career has marked the course and determined the character of this Commonwealth. A wise, candid, fighting politician, to begin with, he has, in the United States Senate, wherein men are measured by the standards of a most exacting perspective, become the mainstay of his party and the trusted spokesman, adviser and friend of the President in the hour of our country's and the world's supreme crisis, and enrolled his name in the list of American statesmen.

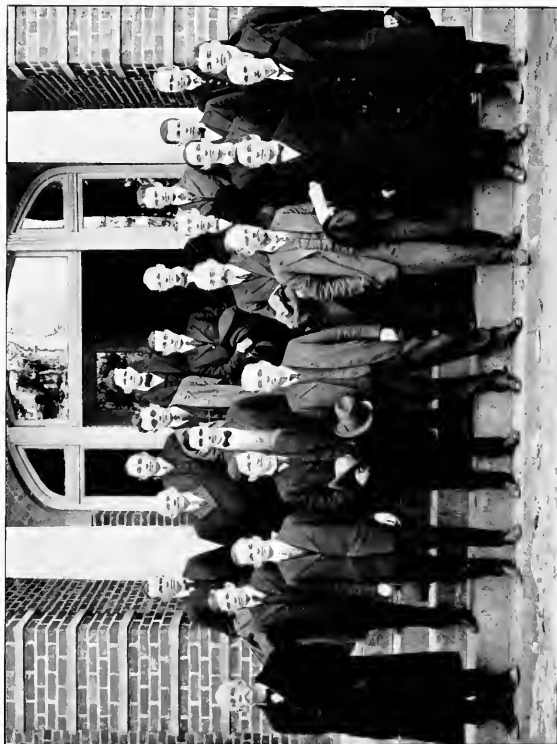


OUR PRESIDENT

"Peter"
He called me "Tommy" - D.C.



OUR DEAN



THE FACULTY

Faculty

WILLIAM L. POTEAT, M.A., LL.D., PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY
President

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1877; M.A., 1889; Graduate Student, University of Berlin, 1888; Graduate Student, Woods Hole Biological Laboratory, 1893; Professor of Biology, Wake Forest College, 1893; LL.D., Baylor University, 1905; LL.D., University of North Carolina, 1909; President Wake Forest College, 1905.

WILLIAM B. ROYALL, M.A., D.D., LL.D., PROFESSOR OF GREEK LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1861; M.A., 1866; D.D., Judon College, 1887; LL.D., Furman University, 1907; Assistant Professor, Wake Forest College, 1866-1870; Professor of Greek, *ibid.*, 1870.

BENJAMIN SLEDD, M.A., Litt.D., PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

M.A., Washington and Lee University, 1886; Litt.D., *ibid.*, 1906; Graduate Student, Teutonic Languages, Johns Hopkins University, 1886-1887; Headmaster of Languages, Charlotte Hall School, Md., 1887-1888; Professor of Modern Languages, Wake Forest College, 1888-1891; Traveling Fellow of The Albert Kahn Foundation, 1914-1915; Lecturer, Summer School, University of North Carolina, 1916; Professor of English, University of Virginia, Summer School, 1917; Professor of English, Wake Forest College, 1894.

JOHN F. WAKE FOREST, M.A., LL.D., PROFESSOR OF APPLIED MATHEMATICS AND ASTRONOMY

Graduate, South Carolina Military Academy, 1856; M.A., Baylor University, 1869; LL.D., Furman University, 1915; Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, Furman University, 1869-1868; Professor of Mathematics, William Jewell College, 1868; Professor of Physics and Applied Mathematics, Wake Forest College, 1880; Professor of Applied Mathematics and Astronomy, *ibid.*, 1899.

NEDHAM Y. GUTLEY, M.A., LL.D., PROFESSOR OF LAW

M.A., Wake Forest College, 1879; LL.D., *ibid.*, 1914; Member State Legislature, 1885; Member of North Carolina Code Commission, 1903-1905; Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1894; Dean, *ibid.*, 1916.

J. HENRIEN CORRELL, M.A., Ph.D., PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES

M.A., Washington and Lee University, 1880; Assistant Professor, *ibid.*, 1890-1891; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1894; Professor of Modern Languages, Wake Forest College, 1894.

WILLIS R. CULLOM, M.A., Th.D., D.D., PROFESSOR OF THE BIBLE

M.A., Wake Forest College, 1892; Assistant Professor, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, 1893-1896; Th.D., *ibid.*, 1903; Professor of the Bible, Wake Forest College, 1896; D.D., Richmond College, 1915.

JAMES L. LAKE, M.A., PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS

M.A., Richmond College, 1882; Graduate Student in Mathematics, Johns Hopkins University, 1890-1893; Professor of Natural Science, Bethel College, 1893-1896; Fellow in Physics, University of Chicago, 1896-1898; Professor of Mathematics and Physics, Ursinus College, 1898-1899; Professor of Physics, Wake Forest College, 1899.

- EDGAR W. TIMBERLAKE, JR., B.A., LL.B., PROFESSOR OF LAW
B.A., Wake Forest College, 1901; Professor of English and Greek, Oak Ridge Institute, 1901-1903; LL.B., University of Virginia, 1905; Associate Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1905; Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1909.
- GEORGE W. PASCHAL, B.A., Ph.D., PROFESSOR OF LATIN AND GREEK
B.A., Wake Forest College, 1892; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1893-1896; Fellow in Greek, *ibid.*, 1899-1900; Ph.D., *ibid.*, 1900; Associate Professor of Latin and Greek, Wake Forest College, 1906-1911; Professor of Latin and Greek, *ibid.*, 1911.
- HUBERT MCNEILL POTEAT, M.A., Ph.D., PROFESSOR OF LATIN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
B.A., Wake Forest College, 1906; M.A., *ibid.*, 1908; Instructor in Latin, *ibid.*, 1905-1908; Driskler Fellow in Classical Philology, Columbia University, 1908-1910; Master in Latin, The Hotchkiss School, 1910-1912; Ph.D., Columbia University, 1912; Professor of Latin, Wake Forest College, 1912.
- HUBERT A. JONES, M.A., LL.B., PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS
B.A., Wake Forest College, 1908; M.A., *ibid.*, LL.B., *ibid.*, 1909; Graduate Student University of Chicago, 1910-1911; Graduate Student, Columbia University, 1913; Instructor in Mathematics, Wake Forest College, 1908-1911; Associate Professor of Mathematics, *ibid.*, 1911; Professor of Mathematics, 1915; Graduate Student, Columbia University, 1916.
- JOHN W. NOWELL, M.A., Ph.D., PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY
B.A., Wake Forest College, 1903; M.A., *ibid.*, 1909; Instructor in Chemistry, Wake Forest College, 1909-1910; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1912; Instructor in the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, 1912-1914; Associate Professor of Chemistry, Wake Forest College, 1914; Professor of Chemistry, 1915.
- C. CHILTON PEARSON, M.A., Ph.D., PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE
M.A., Richmond College, 1904; Head of Department of History, Richmond High School; Graduate Student, Columbia University, 1908-1909; Farnam Fellow in History, Yale University, 1910-1911; Instructor in History, *ibid.*, 1911-1912; Ph.D., *ibid.*, 1913; Acting Professor of History, Washington and Lee University, 1913-1914; Associate Professor of Political Science, Wake Forest College, 1916; Professor of Political Science, *ibid.*, 1917.
- C. ALFRED AIKEN, M.D., PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY
M.D., University (Missouri) Medical College, 1911; Intern, Kansas City General Hospital, 1908-1909; Night Surgeon, Kansas City General Hospital, 1910; Surgeon to Missouri Pacific, St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad, 1911-1916; Professor of Anatomy, Wake Forest College, 1916.
- ROBERT BRUCE WHITE, M.A., PROFESSOR OF LAW
M.A., Wake Forest College, 1891; Graduate Student in Law, *ibid.*, 1895-1897; Superintendent of Public Instruction, Franklin County, 1899-1914; State Senator, 1903 and 1915; Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1916.
- THOMAS EVERETTE COCHRAN, B.Sc., M.A., Th.M., PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION AND PHILOSOPHY
B.Sc., Bardstown College, Ky., 1905; Principal Bardstown Junction (Ky.) High School, 1905-1907; Dean and Professor of Education and Philosophy, East Lynn College, Ky., 1907-1909; B.A., Richmond College, Virginia, 1911; Professor of Mathematics and Sociology, Columbia

College, Fla., 1911-1913; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1913-1915; M.A., *ibid.*, 1914; B.D., *ibid.*, 1915; Fellow, Crozer Seminary, 1915-1916; Th.M., *ibid.*, 1916; Graduate Student, University of Pennsylvania, 1915-1916; Professor of Education and Sociology, Columbia College, Fla., 1916-1917; Professor of Education and Philosophy, Wake Forest College, 1917.

THURMAN D. KITCHIN, B.A., M.D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY AND PHARMACOLOGY
B.A., Wake Forest College, 1905; M.D., Jefferson College, 1908; Professor of Physiology and Pharmacology, Wake Forest College, 1917.

LUTHER T. BUCHANAN, JR., B.S., M.D., PROFESSOR OF PATHOLOGY, BACTERIOLOGY, AND HISTOLOGY
B.A., Wake Forest College, 1911; M.D., Jefferson College, Philadelphia, 1913; Interne, Kansas City General Hospital, 1913-1914; Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. Army, 1916-1917; Professor of Pathology, Bacteriology, and Histology, Wake Forest College, 1917.

SAMUEL A. DERIEUX, B.A., M.A., ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
B.A., Richmond College, 1904; Graduate Student, Johns Hopkins University, 1904-1906; M.A., University of Chicago, 1911; Assistant Professor of English, Missouri State Normal School, 1912-1913; Associate Professor of English, Wake Forest College, 1917.

EDWIN T. MacDONNELL, M.A., DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

ELLIOTT B. EARNSHAW, B.A., M.A., BURSAR AND SECRETARY, SUPERINTENDENT OF COLLEGE HOSPITAL
B.A., Wake Forest College, 1906; M.A., *ibid.*, 1908; Instructor in Mathematics and Acting Bursar, Wake Forest College, 1906-1907; Bursar and Secretary, *ibid.*, 1907; Superintendent of College Hospital, *ibid.*, 1911.

ETHEL T. CRITTENDEN, LIBRARIAN

WILLIAM G. DOTSON, B.S., M.A., INSTRUCTOR IN CHEMISTRY
B.S., Wake Forest College, 1915; M.A., *ibid.*, 1916; Instructor in Chemistry and Mathematics, *ibid.*, 1915.

F. W. CARROLL, B.A., INSTRUCTOR IN MATHEMATICS AND ASSISTANT TO THE DEAN

WALTER E. JORDAN, B.S., INSTRUCTOR IN MILITARY TACTICS

ARTHUR P. SLEDD, B.S., INSTRUCTOR IN CHEMISTRY

A. C. REID, B.A., INSTRUCTOR IN FRENCH

THOMAS M. UZZLE, INSTRUCTOR IN GERMAN



PROF. S. A. DERIEUX
Faculty Editor

Foreword

***I**N THE MIDDLE of wars and alarms, in spite of the Kaiser and all his hosts, who, we hope, will not approve of its contents, the 1918 HOWLER offers itself as evidence that courage and good cheer have not departed from this delectable corner of the world where Wake Forest College sits serene amidst her ancient groves—willing to do her bit, and doing it, but ready also to listen to the voices of merriment that in this hour of conflict do their part toward making the world Safe for Democracy.*

HOWLER STAFF



"Lad"

L. W. HAMPTON
BUS. MGR.



J. T. ALLEN, JR.
ASST. BUS. MGR.



L. V. COGGINS
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



C. S. BLACK
EV. SENIOR EDITOR



J. PAGE
PHI. SENIOR EDITOR



Tuesday!

Some mocking-Bird.





R. J. McELROY - ED. SENIOR EDITOR

H. J. DAVIS
PHI. ART EDITOR

H. D. EASOM - PHI. SOPHOMORE ED.

HOWLER STAFF





L. J. SKIFF
PHI. JUNIOR EDITOR

G. R. HEKKING
PHI. ART EDITOR

Shy J. C. EAGLE
ED. JUNIOR EDITOR



THE CLASSES



FRESH.



SOPH.

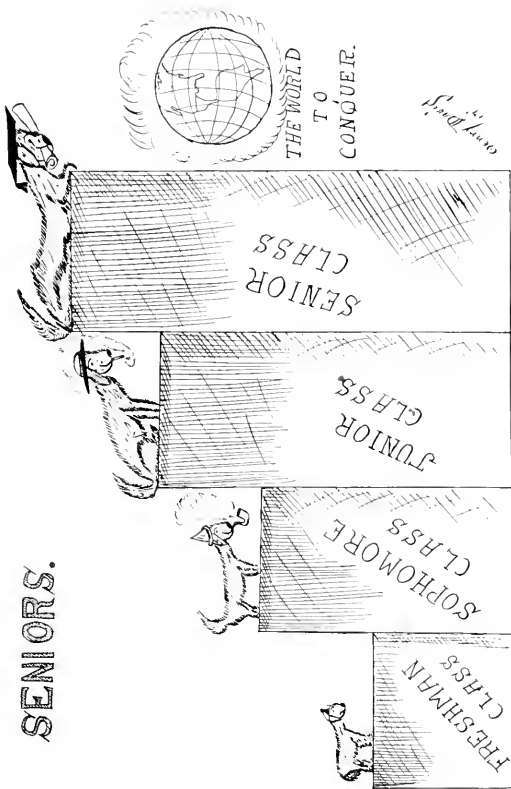


JR



SR.

SENIORS.



Bruins!

JOHNSON - PROPRIET

FRANKLIN - VICE PRESIDENT

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

E. L. HARRICK - TESTIMONIAL

HALL - POET

HESTER - ORATOR

Branch

Beautiful

Jackie



MISS LOUISE FLEMING
Sponsor
SENIOR CLASS



CHARLES SPURGEON BLACK, B.A., Et.
Wingate, North Carolina

Age 22, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 150.

"The countenance is the portrait and picture of the mind."

Commencement Marshal, '16; President Mission Study Class, '16-'17; Tennis Club, '16-'17; President Tennis Club, '17-'18; Secretary and Treasurer of Lavoisier Chemical Society, '17-'18; Senior Editor HOWLER; Chief Marshal Wake Forest-Baylor Debate, '18; Assistant in Chemistry, '18.

JOSEPH R. BLALOCK, B.A., PH.D.
Weldon, North Carolina

Age 20, height 6 feet, weight 154.

"Rich hath been his heritage of manly virtues, and richly hath he added unto their store."

Freshman Basket-ball Team, '15; Track Squad, '14-'15-'16; Y. M. C. A. Delegate to Blue Ridge, '16; Member Golf Club; Captain Junior Track Team, '17; Treasurer Dramatic Club, '16-'17; Assistant Librarian, '17-'18; Member Lavoisier Chemical Society.



Shoety



GORDON BOWERS, LL.B., Esq.
Sevierville, Tennessee

Age 19, height 5 feet 5 inches, weight 145.

"Honest labor bears a lovely face."

Class Football, '15-'16; Class Baseball, '16; Varsity Football, '17; Member Honor Committee, '17-'18; Clerk Moot Court, '16-'17.

HENRY A. BURDEN, B.A., Esq.

Aulander, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 160.

"For they can conquer who believe they can."





J. CLIFTON CANIPE, B.A., Ed.
Maiden, North Carolina

Age 26, height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 163.

"I dare do all that may become a man."

Commencement Speaker, '18; First Anniversary Debater, '18; Intercollegiate Debater, Baylor University, '18.



R. N. CHILDRESS, B.A., Ph.D.
Raleigh, North Carolina

Age 25, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 145.

*"However meager be my worldly wealth,
Let me give something that will aid my kind:
A word of courage or a thought of health,
Dropped as I pass, for troubled hearts to find."*

Varsity Track Team, '14-'15-'16-'17; Mission Class Leader, '14-'17; Secretary Y. M. C. A., '17; Chief Marshal, Randolph-Macon-Wake Forest Debate, '17.



LOUIE V. COGGINS, B.A., PH.D.

Bear Creek, North Carolina

Age 26, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 150.

"The greatest power that any man may covet for himself is the power of growing."

Commencement Speaker, '18; President of Society Day, '16; Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '15-'16; Secretary Y. M. C. A., '18; Debate Council, '17-'18; Secretary Student Senate, '17-'18; Vice-President Ministerial Class, '17-'18; Member High School Declaimers' Contest Committee, '18; President Berean Class, '18; Society Day Orator, '17; President B. Y. P. U., '17; Editor-in-Chief THE HOWLER, '17-'18.



GEORGE COLLINS, B.S., M.D., PH.D.

Charlotte, North Carolina

Age 22, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 150.

"Wet or dry, but wet I desire."

Treasurer Medical Class, '17-'18; Class Football, '16-'17.



PHINEHAS DAVID CROOM, LL.B., PHIL.
Kinston, North Carolina

Age 24, height 5 feet 9½ inches, weight 175.

"Never give up."

Varsity Football Team, '16-'17; Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A., '17-'18; Anniversary Debater, '18; Member Senate Committee, '18; Licensed Attorney, '18; President Agoga Sunday School Class, '17; Treasurer Law Class, '17-'18.



WILLIAM EARL DAWSON, B.S., M.D., PHIL.
Stantonburg, North Carolina

Age 22, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 135.

"A lion among ladies is a dangerous thing."

Assistant in Histology and Embryology, '17-'18.



WILLIAM M. DICKSON, JR., B.A., E.U.
Wake Forest, North Carolina

Age 19, height 6 feet 1 inch, weight 160.

"For my own part, I am well content."

Captain Freshman Basket-ball Team, '14-'15; Captain Class Championship Basket-ball Team, '15-'16; Varsity Basket-ball Team, '15-'18; Member Tennis Club, '16-'18; Member Glee Club, '16-'18.

"That mean chunker".

LYLE GAFFNEY ELLIS, B.S., M.D., E.U.
Grover, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 156.

"A solemn murmur in the soul tells of a world to be."

Varsity Baseball, '14-'15-'16; Captain Baseball Team, '16-'17, '17-'18; President Cleveland County Club, '17-'18; Member Honor Committee, '17-'18.





A. J. FRANKLIN, JR., B.A., E.U.

Bryson City, North Carolina

Age 19, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 130.

"Much study is a weariness of the flesh."

Secretary of the Law Class, '17-'18; Class Baseball, '17; President of Society Day, '17; Vice-President of Senior Class.



J. THOMAS GILLESPIE, B.A., E.U.

Mooreboro, North Carolina

Age 24, height 6 feet, weight 160.

"Put confidence in God's people."

Commencement Speaker, '18; Junior Orator's Medal, '17; President Ministerial Class, '18; Anniversary Orator, '18; Assistant in Bible.



WILLIAM BECKETT GLADNEY, B.A., Eu.
Ruston, Louisiana

Age 20, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 142.

"Acquire success, but deserve it."

Assistant in English, '15-'18; Class and Scrub Baseball, '15-'17; Class Basketball, '17; Tennis Club, '16-'18; Assistant Manager Football, '16; Manager Football, '17; Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A., '16-'17; Alternate Wake Forest-Randolph-Macon Debate, '17; Manager Hodnett Club, '17-'18; Senate Committee, '17-'18; Debate Council, '17-'18; Society Day Orator, '17; Editor *Old Gold and Black*, '17-'18; Political Science Club, '17-'18.

ROMI LUIS F. HALL, B.A., Phi.
Kerr, North Carolina

Age 27, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 160.

"The man is idle who does less than he can."

President of Freshman Class, '13-'14; Member Honor Committee, '13-'14; President Mission Study Group, '17-'18; Poet Senior Class.





CAREY F. HARRIS, B.S., M.D., PH.D.
Henderson, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 9½ inches, weight 165.

"Duty before pleasure."

Marshall Medical Society, '16-'18; Vice-President
Marshall Medical Society, '16-'17; Senate Committee,
'16-'17; Class Football, '15-'17; Historian Junior
Class, '16-'17.

EARL A. HAMRICK, B.A., Ec.
Biltmore, North Carolina

Age 22, height 5 feet 10½ inches, weight 160.

*"The motto of wisdom is to serve all, but love
only one."*

Football Squad, '14-'15-'16; Class Champion Football
Team, '14-'17; Haywood County Club, '16-'17;
Manager McKinnon Club, '16-'17-'18; Member Honor
Committee, '16-'17; President Law Class, '17-'18;
Business Manager HOWLER, '17-'18; Testator Senior
Class, '17-'18.





LADD W. HAMRICK, B.A., EC.
Boiling Springs, North Carolina

Age 20, height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 143.

*"By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and by exercise."*

Poet Sophomore Class, '15-'16; Teachers' Class Baseball, '16; Manager Dramatic Club, '16-'17; Assistant in Physics, '16-'17; President Scholarship Club, '16-'17; Assistant Business Manager *The Student*, '16-'17; Anniversary Marshal, '17; Chief Commencement Marshal, '17; Business Manager *The Wake Forest Student*, '17-'18; Treasurer Senior Class, President Teachers' Class, '17-'18; Secretary Athletic Association, '17-'18; Manager McKinnon House, '18; Business Manager HOWLER, '18.



G. DEWEY HEAFNER, B.A., PH.D.
Crouse, North Carolina

Age 19, height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 140.

"A minute, vibrant person; watch him."



HUBERT I. HESTER, B.A., Et.
Whiteville, North Carolina

Age 23, height 5 feet 4 inches, weight 130.

"Look up and not down; look forward and not backward; be a friend to man."

Secretary Society Day Debate, '16-'17; Historian Ministerial Class, '16-'17; President B. Y. P. U., '16-'17; Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '16-'17; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '17-'18; *Old Gold and Black* Staff, '17-'18; Member Honor Committee, '17-'18; Secretary Debate Council, '17-'18; Society Day Orator, '17-'18; Senior Class Orator, '17-'18; Alternate Wake Forest-Baylor Debate, '18.



P. A. HICKS, B.A., Et.
Lincolnton, North Carolina

Age 25, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 160.

"There is no such sculpture as character."

Secretary Ministerial Class, '16-'17.



L. H. HOBGOOD, B.S., MED., EU.
Tarboro, North Carolina

Age 22, height 5 feet 10½ inches, weight 161.

*"Come, I pray, and bring no book, for ^{all} ~~this one~~ day
we'll give to idleness."*

ROBERT L. HUMBER, JR., B.A., PH.D.
Greenville, North Carolina

Age 19, height 5 feet 9¾ inches, weight 170.

*"One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."*

Randolph-Macon-Wake Forest Intercollegiate Debater, '18; Commencement Speaker, '18; President Senior Class, '17-'18; Editor-in-Chief *The Woke Forest Student*, '17-'18; Editor *Old Gold and Black*, '17-'18; Associate Editor *Old Gold and Black*, '16-'17; Manager Baseball Team, '17-'18; Assistant Manager Baseball Team, '16-'17; Member Debate Council, '17-'18; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '17-'18; Assistant in Latin, '16-'17-'18; Anniversary Debater, '17; President Political Science Club, '17-'18; Varsity Football, '16-'17-'18; Winner Freshman Medal, '15; Member Tennis Club, '17-'18; President B. Y. P. U., '16; Delegate Y. M. C. A. Conference, Blue Ridge, '17.





CHARLES T. JOHNSON, B.S., MED., PH.D.
White Oak, North Carolina

Age 28, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 155.

"Tempus fugit, let her fuge."

President Marshall Medical Society, '17; Secretary
Medical Class, '17-'18.



LEONIDAS LAFAYETTE JOHNSON, B.A., PH.D.
Delway, North Carolina

Age 23, height 5 feet 6½ inches, weight 148.

*"Give to the world the best you have, and the best
will come back to you."*

Anniversary Debater, '18; Prophet Senior Class.



CAREY C. JONES, B.S., MED., EU.
Apex, North Carolina

Age 25, height 6 feet, weight 157.

"His home is in the sinews of a man."

Secretary Student Senate, '16-'17; Vice-President
Marshall Medical Society, '16-'17; Prophet Medical
Class, '17-'18; President Athletic Association, '17-'18;
Interne at College Hospital, '17-'18.

JESSE A. JONES, LL.B., PH.
Maysville, North Carolina

Age 20, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 150.

"A short saying often carries much wisdom."

Winner Freshman Medal, '16-'17; Licensed Attorney, '18.





JOHN COUNCIL JOYNER, B.A., PH.D.
LaGrange, North Carolina

Age 22, height 5 feet 10½ inches, weight 140.

"A strong character; not too serious, not too gay, but altogether a jolly good fellow."

Member Track Squad, '14-'15; Treasurer Junior Class, '16-'17; Assistant Manager Baseball Team, '16-'17; Member Dramatic Club, '16-'17; Vice-President Law Class, '17-'18; Treasurer Teachers' Class, '17-'18; Secretary Senior Class, '18; Vice-President Athletic Association, '17-'18; President Dramatic Club, '17-'18.



ROY L. KELLER, B.S., M.D., ET.
Belton, Texas

Age 22, height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 134.

"Kisses are full of microbes; but I do love the little devils."

Assistant in Anatomy, '17-'18; Marshal Intercollegiate Debate, '15-'16; Manager Allen Club, '17-'18; Vice-President Medical Class, '17-'18; Junior Football Team, '16-'17; Member Glee Club, '17-'18.



BROOKS S. LILES, B.S., Enc., Eu.
Wingate, North Carolina

Age 22, height 6 feet, weight 155.

"A little oily, greasy man of God."

Commencement Speaker, '18; Marshal. Society Day, '16; Society Day Debater, '17; Scrub Baseball, '16-'17; Class Basket-ball, '17; Class Football, '16; Member Lavoisier Chemical Society, '17-'18; *Old Gold and Black Staff.*



ROY L. LITCHFIELD, B.A., Eu.
Creswell, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 140.

"I speak with the tongue of men and angels."

Commencement Marshal, '16; Secretary Dramatic Club, '17-'18; Secretary Anniversary Debate, '18.



LESTER P. MARTIN, B.S., M.D., E.C.
Mooreville, North Carolina

Age 20, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 165.

"There is a people mighty in its youth."

Class Football, '15-'17; Historian Medical Class,
'17-'18; Assistant in Physiology and Pharmacology,
'17-'18.

J. A. MCKAUGHAN, JR., B.A., E.C.
Norfolk, Virginia

Age 21, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 154.

"Mach can be said on both sides."

Historian Senior Class, '18; Assistant in English,
'17-'18; Editor-in-Chief *The Wake Forest Student*,
'17-'18; Editor *Old Gold and Black*, '17-'18; Political
Science Club, '16-'18; Varsity Track Team, '16-'17-
'18; Varsity Football Team, '17; Varsity Basket-ball
Team, '18.





SAMUEL SHELBY MEEK, B.A., Eu.
Monroe, Louisiana

Age 21, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 142.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

Prophet Sophomore Class, '15-'16; Assistant Business Manager THE HOWLER, '16-'17; Senior Editor THE HOWLER, '17-'18; Marshal Colgate-Wake Forest Debate, '17; Vice-President Lavoisier Chemical Society, '17-'18.



CARL Y. MILTON, B.A., Eu.
Albemarle, North Carolina

Age 26, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 185.

"A modest man never talks of himself."

Class Football, '15-'16; Scrub Football, '15; President Mission Study Class, '16; Glee Club, '16-'18; Honor Committee, '17-'18; Instructor in Biology, '17-'18.



ZACK P. MITCHELL, B.S., M.D., E.U.
Windsor, North Carolina

Age 28, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 145.

"Wit and humor belong to a genius alone."

Junior Editor THE HOWLER, '16-'17; Member Student Senate, '17-'18; Assistant in Bacteriology and Pathology, '17-'18.



H. BLANCHARD MOORE, B.S., M.D., E.U.
Morven, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 150.

"A nickname is the heaviest stone a devil can throw at a man."

Class Baseball, '17; Medical Librarian, '17-'18.



ROBERT V. MOSS, B.A., PH.D.
Wilson, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 137.

"Life is too short to be spent in chewing the rag."

Commencement Marshal, '14; Basket-ball Squad, '14-'15-'16; Baseball Squad, '14-'15; Treasurer Scholarship Club, '16; Manager-elect Basket-ball Team, '17.



ROBERT GLEN MUSE, B.A., EV.
Statesville, North Carolina

Age 23, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 140.

"A countryman between two lawyers is like a fish between two cuts."

Class Football, '14-'15; Class Baseball, '15-'16-'17;
Class Basket-ball, '16-'17; Society Day Marshal, '14;
Secretary Freshman Class, '14-'15.



HUBERT E. OLIVE, B.A., PH.D.
Clayton, North Carolina

Age 23, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 180.

"The man who remains master over himself never knows defeat."

Randolph-Macon-Wake Forest Intercollegiate Debater, '17; Junior-Sophomore Debater, '16; Editor-in-Chief of *Wake Forest Student*, '16-'17; President Sophomore Class, '15-'16; Assistant in Library, '16-'17; Member Political Science Club, '17; Anniversary Marshal, '15; Varsity Football, '15-'16-'17; Class Baseball, '15-'16-'17; Second Lieutenant United States Army, '17.



CHARLES SPURGEON OWEN, B.A., PH.D.
Candler, North Carolina

Age 25, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 135.

"The best is yet to be."

Society Day Orator, '17-'18.



JOHN FLETCHER OWEN, B.S., MED., PH.D.
Mintz, North Carolina

Age 22, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 154.

"I may not be good looking, but—I have a distinguished look."

ASHLEY D. PACE, B.A., PH.D.
Pensacola, Florida

Age 21, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 138.

"Let me not let pass occasion, which now smiles."

Class Baseball, '16; Gym. Team, '15-'18; Captain
Gym. Team, '16; Varsity Football Team, '16-'17-'18;
Captain Football Team, '18.





B o o - - - !

JOHN CANDLER PACE, B.A., Phil.
Pensacola, Florida

Age 19, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 162.

"How peculiar, how wonderful is man!"

Member Gym. Team, '15-'16-'17-'18; Captain Gym.
Team, '17; Manager Gym. Team, '17-'18; Varsity
Football, '16-'17-'18; Vice-President Junior Class,
'16-'17.

JOSEPH PAGE, B.A., Phil.
Marietta, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 7½ inches, weight 130.

*"A man who concentrates his hours by vigorous
efforts and honest aims."*

Member Student Senate, '17-'18; Member HOWLER
Staff, '17-'18; Vice-President Teachers' Class, '17-'18;
President Robeson County Club, '17-'18.





WILLIAM C. POWELL, JR., B.A., Eu.
Wake Forest, North Carolina

Age 18, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 155.

"Genius and beauty in harmony blend."

Class Basket-ball, '15-'16-'17-'18; Class Baseball, '16-'17; Member Gym. Team, '15-'16-'17.



WOOD PRIVOTT, LL.B., Eu.
Edenton, North Carolina

Age 20, height 5 feet 9½ inches, weight 150.

"Even the best men are molded out of faults."

Associate Editor *Wake Forest Student*, '16-'17; *Old Gold and Black Staff*, '16-'17; President Albemarle Club, '18; Law Class Baseball, '15; Tennis Club, '16-'18.



GEORGE S. QULLIN, B.A., Ed.
Spencer, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 145.

"The best way to get a thing done is to do it yourself."

President Y. M. C. A., '17-'18; President Berean Class, '17; Secretary Y. M. C. A., '16-'17; Political Science Club, '17-'18; Assistant in the Library, '15-'18; Teachers' Class Basket-ball, '15-'16; *Old Gold and Black* Staff, '17-'18; Member Lavoisier Chemical Society, '17-'18; Junior Anniversary Debater, '17; Assistant in Political Science, '17-'18; Senior Anniversary Marshal, '18.



M. T. RANKIN, B.A., PH.D.
Greenville, South Carolina

Age 23, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 145.

"Before you proceed any further, hear me speak."

Chairman Debate Council, '17-'18; Anniversary Orator, '18; Commencement Speaker, '18; Manager Tennis Team, '17-'18; Member Honor Committee, '17-'18; Commencement Marshal '17; President South Carolina Club, '16-'17; Treasurer Tennis Team, '16-'17; Member High School Declamation Committee, '17-'18; Manager Lassiter Club, '17-'18; Wake Forest-Baylor Debater, '18.



WILLIAM V. SAVAGE, JR., B.A., Eu.
Churchland, Virginia

Age 20, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 160.

"While we live let us enjoy ourselves."

Varsity Track Team, '16-'17-'18; Captain Track Team, '18; Varsity Football, '16-'17; Class Football, '14-'15; Class Basket-ball, '15-'16-'17; Captain Class Basket-ball Team, '18; Class Baseball, '15-'16-'17; Poet Junior Class, '17; Member Gym. Class, '17-'18.

HENRY T. SHANKS, B.A., PHIL.
Henderson, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 8½ inches, weight 136.

"Ambition has no rest."

Marshal, Richmond-Wake Forest Debate, '16; Vice-President Athletic Association, '17; Vice-President Berean Class, '17; First Lieutenant Military Company, '17-'18; Junior Editor Howler, '16-'17; Secretary Teachers' Class, '16-'17.





R. GERODD SOWERS, B.A., Et.
Linwood, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 165.

"He was a man, take him for all in all."

Class Basket-ball, '15-'16; Varsity Basket-ball Team, '16-'17-'18; Class Football, '15-'16; Varsity Football Team, '17; Student Senate, '17-'18.



R. EUGENE TAYLOR, LL.B., Et.
Asheville, North Carolina

"Yea, a Daniel come to judgment."

Class Football, '14-'15; Class Baseball, '14-'15; Poet Law Class, '14-'15; Solicitor Moot Court, '15-'16; Student Senate, '16-'17; Secretary Law Class, '16-'17; Licensed Attorney, '17.



SAMUEL ALCOTT THOMPSON, B.S., MED., PH.D.
Raleigh, North Carolina

Age 19, height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 135.

"An eye like Mars, to threaten and command."

Class Prophet, '14; Class Baseball, '15-'16-'17-'18;
Football Squad, '16-'17; Gym. Team, '16-'17-'18; Cap-
tain Gym. Team, '18; Track Team, '15-'16-'17-'18;
Manager Basket-ball Team, '18; Member Student
Senate, '18; Glee Club, '18; President Medical
Class, '18.



ROBERT T. THOMPSON, M.A., EV.
Wake Forest, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 160.

*"Loyal-hearted, strong of mind,
A nobler fellow you'll never find."*



THOMAS MARSHALL UZZLE, B.A., Ec.
Wilson's Mills, North Carolina

Age 20, height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 138.

"Never be on time; you always have to wait for the other fellow."

Gym. Team, '16-'17-'18; Assistant in German, '17-'18.

ROLLIN W. WARREN, LL.B., Ec.
Rich Square, North Carolina

Age 28, height 5 feet 5 inches, weight 150.

"I see an insurable something in every man."

Freshman Marshal Society Day, '15; Assistant Business Manager Glee Club, '15; Manager Glee Club, '16-'17-'18; President Sophomore Class, '16-'17; Chairman Honor Committee, '17-'18; Historian Law Class, '17-'18.

Big mouth -





WILLIAM PRESTON WHITE, JR., LL.B., PH.D.
Hobgood, North Carolina

Age 24, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 145.

*"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none."*



JABEZ H. WILLIAMS, B.S., M.D., EV.
Wingate, North Carolina

Age 24, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 155.

"After death the doctor takes the fee."

Junior Class Basket-ball, '15; Scrub Football, '14-
'15; Varsity Football, '17; Surgeon Medical Class,
'17-'18.



JAMES LAURIN WILLIS, B.A., PH.D.
McColl, South Carolina

Age 19, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 135.

"Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns."

DAVID LEON WOODWARD, B.A., PH.D.
Warsaw, North Carolina

Age 20, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 151.

"Sense, sincerity, simplicity—the Three Graces of the gentleman."

President Anniversary Debate, '18; Track Squad, '16-'17; Interclass Track Meet, '17; President Duplin County Club, '17-'18; President Mission Study Class, '17-'18; Historian Ministerial Class, '17-'18.





Senior Class Poem

*Oh, call him not patriot alone
Who fights through the murderous days:
For the cycles of change have shown
The patriot of quiet ways—*

*The patriot of factory and farm
Who dares not the cannon's ire,
Yet whose heart within him is warm
To battle for his own hearth-fire.*

*So the silent battle is fought
On the fields of tillage and trade,
That the labor of justice be wrought,
That the stones of freedom be laid:*

*That the truth pass not from the earth,
And the slow, massive wheel of doom
Crush not the dwellers of earth
In the glory of flower and bloom.*

*So call him not patriot alone
Who fights through the murderous days:
For the cycles of change have shown
The patriot of quiet ways.*

POET.

A Short History of the Senior Class

PREFACE

THIS short sketch of the Senior Class, undertaken by the author only on my earnest solicitation and my promise to write a preface for the work and to pay to the writer the sum of five dollars as the customary reward for such services, has two specific aims. The first is to relieve myself of any further obligations in the realm of History, and the second is to record in a brief but comprehensive manner the deeds of the Senior Class. To achieve these aims, I have insisted that the author introduce the following features:

1. *Truth*: for no history is worthy of the name unless the statements that it contains be based on actual facts.

2. *Brevity*. No more remarkable example of the fact that there is nothing in a name has ever been given than the History text-book used by some members of this class during the past session. Purporting to be a "Short History of the United States," it yet embraced within its covers no less than 923 pages of unusually compact matter. And it was while staggering under the weight of that volume that I firmly resolved that any history for which I might stand sponsor should at least possess the feature of brevity.

3. An adequate study and analysis of the years 1911-1913, with particular reference to the achievements of the Senior Class. It may be well to state that the author was limited to original sources in the preparation of his manuscript.

4. A style at once readable and attractive.

How well the author, to whom alone my thanks are due, has succeeded in embodying these requirements the reader may see by a reference to the work itself.

The real merits and defects of a history can be adequately recognized only in the actual test to which the reading public puts it; and the author will be particularly grateful for any criticisms from those who would have this history of the Senior Class complete and free from errors.

HISTORIAN,

WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY 1, 1913.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE SENIOR CLASS

CHAPTERS I-IV (1911-1913)

The history of the Senior Class is yet to be made.

Senior Class Prophecy

IN my old age I became a wanderer. My church, which I had served for half a century, retired me for life.

"Take a trip," the deacon said. "It will brace you up and make you young again."

Accordingly, I decided to use the only Ford car in existence for a trip around the world. All my old classmates of 1913 were using airplanes or wireless flying machines, except our old friend, J. A. McKaughan.

"Such means of travel," said he, "are vulgar."

On the morning of June 1, 1907, with George S. Quillin as companion, I began my memorable journey. At the office of the Everlasting Life Insurance Company, of which R. W. Warren was agent, we took out accident policies. Mr. Warren was at the time very feeble, having just recovered from an attempt at suicide, in the hope of obtaining the principal of his own insurance policy. We crossed the Atlantic Ocean on the new concrete from New York to London—the world's greatest engineering feat, designed and executed by the restless genius of Sunday School Meek.

For two days we hurried along, listening to the music of the splashing waves and the hum of our Ford. At the mid-ocean wireless station an old man halted us with storm warnings. I recognized at once our old classmate, Hubert Hester, who, since his heart was crushed by a Meredith girl, has been afflicted with locomotor-ataxia and rheumatism in his arms. "Drive on!" he said, wearily; "Drive on!"

We saw marvelous sights. An aeroplane flying above us dropped pamphlets which read, "Last edition of Shannon's Self-Knowledge Books, Milton & Gladney, Book Brokers, Limited, London." Immediately to our left a giant submarine came to the surface, and I made out her name, "The Shanks 21." Then I remembered that years ago Henry Shanks had won fame in the Navy. London was lurid with electric signs. The Kitchener Building reached toward heaven like an endless stream of stars. We stopped, amazed, counting the floors of that matchless structure. High up on the 17th floor in bold letters we read the sign, "Tizzle & Blabok, Feather-edge Barbers."

We drove over to Oxford University for a day. The golf links lay between us and the university grounds. We were about to enter the driveway through the golf field when Bill Dickson halted us abruptly. "Stop! Danger!" he cried. "Dr. C. C. Pearson, Professor Emeritus of History, is about to make a drive."

"Safety first!" said Quillin, and we left that perilous locality as fast as John Henry Ford could carry us.

Many days we spent on the battle-fields of France. High up on a ridge in No Man's Land we sat down to rest at the foot of a monument erected by the Class of 1913 to do honor to the sons of Wake Forest who had distinguished themselves in the struggle to make the world safe for democracy. In raised letters: Hubert E. Olive, Andrew H. Casey, W. H. Paschal, J. L. Willis, R. L. Litchfield, Vann Savage, Dr. L. P. Martin, H. V. Burden, Dr. F. D. Garcia, Rev. R. F. Hall, and many others whose glory will never be dimmed by the flight of time. Though still living, the monument

had been erected to their memory, as the Class of 1909 erected the arch at the entrance of old Wake Forest Campus.

The Emperor William of Germany on his death-bed on the Island of St. Helena had requested that his dust might rest with that of his fallen bond-servants in Germany. At the tomb of the Emperor an old man crouched, beating his breast and calling on heaven to curse the very dust of the Kaiser. It was Louie V. Coggins. Then I remembered that the Kaiser began in 1914 a world war which in 1918 prevented the marriage of Mr. Coggins to one of Chatham County's fairest maidens.

From that scene of blasted hopes we turned our way toward Italy. In Rome we wandered about the columns and pillars of the Forum. It was there we found Sam Thompson and R. W. James searching among the ruins, if perchance they might find the memories of Romulus and Remus. We learned through the American consul at Rome, A. D. Pace, that Mr. Sugar Owen, with the assistance of seventeen native Africans, was preparing to irrigate the Sahara Desert.

Two weeks more found us in Constantinople. On a cool afternoon we met on a street, near the Sultan Palace, Hon. R. L. Humber, American Ambassador to fallen Turkey, leading a shepherd dog and smoking an American-made cigar. With free flowing hospitality he welcomed us into his home, the old Sultan Palace. But we saw no veiled faces of women in the halls; the harem was turned into a library. Mr. Humber taught International law in the World University.

But all things must end—even the lazy pleasant days in Constantinople. And all journeys must end—even a journey around the world. Business called us home. We sold our Ford to the Turkish Museum and turned our faces toward the West.

Our passage home was quiet and serene. The storms had ceased. The ocean raged no more. Tom Gillespie had constructed concrete wind shields in all the tropical belts of high atmospheric pressure. The trade winds blew no more. Even more than this had been accomplished: enough heat had been enclosed in the torrid zone to last the world ten thousand winters.

At sea we passed a great ship lying at anchor with steel cables hanging over her sides. Men in diving suits lounged on her deck. Our captain, Ladd Hamrick, informed us that the ship was owned by Fat Hamrick and was engaged in recovering lost cargoes of treasures from the submarine attacks of the World War.

At New York we were met by Dr. C. T. Johnson, who presented us with a tube of his new serum for the prevention of old age. Under the influence of Dr. Johnson's serum we resolved to enter Wake Forest for four more years with our Alma Mater. And when the Shoo-Fly whistled on the afternoon of September 2, 1963, Quillin wondered if any of the Wake Forest fair sex would welcome us at the train.

PROPHET.

Last Will and Testament

THE SENIORS' TWENTY-THIRD WILL

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA }
COUNTY OF WAKE } ss.

We, the Class of 1913, of Wake Forest College, Wake County, State of North Carolina, exhausted by four years of hard study, fallen into the Slough of Despond because of the sudden realization that we know nothing; completely robbed of our filthy lucre by the College "Bruiser," and feeling in our penniless discontent that we are about to pass into that great outer world where college exams. are no more, do declare this our latest will and testament:

FIRST. We offer ourselves for the service of our country whenever it may draft us, promising to do our best if by doing so we may get our names in the newspaper headlines. Having run the seventy-year dash down the track of eternity in sixty-five years flat, we hope that our tired bodies will be wrapped in the mantle of Fame and placed in some secluded spot where we—at least the lawyers of our number—may "LIE STILL."

All of our assets, rights and privileges which we have acquired by the intrigue of college politics, through the benevolence of our parents and guardians, by the aid of fortune or his sister, Miss Fortune, or through other agencies too numerous to mention, we do dispose of, in the following ways, to wit:

IMPRIMIS. To our parents and guardians who have made college woes possible for us, we do acknowledge receipt of many checks, promising to draw upon them in the future if occasion demands, in the hope that we may bring them great pleasure, since it is better to give than to receive.

ITEM. To the Faculty we hand down the duty of maintaining the Committee of Public Safety, which, because of its efficient work in the past, deserves to live to a decrepit senility. The Faculty should not forget to let the students have plenty of hot water—as cold as they like it—and to have the Seaboard Air Line amend its bulletins as follows: "Train No. 12. Due 12:15 p. m. Expected 1:10; will arrive 2:10." Drug stores should never be allowed to open on Sunday, and social diversion never be given to the puritanical Wake Forest students.

ITEM. To all the under classmen we will the College traditions, with the hope that they will change them as they transmit them from mouth to ear—even as we have done—so that the said traditions will not be in danger of being recognized twenty years from now.

ITEM. Because of our great love and admiration for the Junior Class, we will to it all of our college honors, which are so much to be desired in the eyes of Juniors and so little appreciated once they are obtained by the Seniors.

ITEM. To the Sophomores we transmit the dreaded blacking-pot, with the request that they keep it as well hidden from the Senate Committee as it has always been.

ITEM. To the Freshmen we give nothing, since they think already they know and have all. They should remember that the night hides a multitude of sins.

ITEM. To the College we will all of our pecuniary possessions, which, according to our last inventory, amount to \$313.13 in liabilities.

Lastly, we do hereby appoint and anoint the Right Honorable Gordon Bowers, LL.B., as the sole executor of this will, feeling sure that the "WILL" will never be executed.

In witness whereof, we, the Class of 1918, the testators, have to this, our twenty-third will, printed perhaps on one and perhaps on two sheets of common paper, subscribed our names and forgot to affix our seal, this the twenty-fourth day of May, Anno Domini one thousand nine hundred and eighteen, hereby revoking all our standing bills and wills by us carelessly made, wheresoever and whensoever they may have been made.

Signed, but unsealed, the day and year aforesaid, in the State and county aforesaid, and declared by the said testators to be their latest will, in the presence of the witnesses hereunto attesting, who were absent at the making and signing of this will, but who were kind enough to let us use their names, and in the presence of the testator and in the presence of one another.

Attest:

AUTHOR.

GORDON BOWERS

and

ROBERT L. HUMBER, JR.

CLASS OF 1918. [*Seal Omitted*]

(The truth is, we have no seal)



Senior Vote

WITH the candidates full of cigars and promises, the Senior Class proceeded to elect the men who were to do the last honors for a noble class. The meeting was held near the Dean's office, so that the many members could find the place without any difficulty.

The President, after explaining the purposes of the meeting, and giving the members time to compare the "smokes" of the various candidates, opened nominations for the most popular man.

It was agreed that to hold the office of Vice President was the criterion of a man's popularity. This being the case, Jack Joyner mowed down all opposition. In fact, no one dared to compare records, since Jack is second in everything except the ministerial class.

Next, McKaughan came forth from the smoke of campaign cigars and carried away first honors as ladies' man.

Mid great applause Vann Savage was chosen as the best athlete of the class, although "Coach" Woodard of the volley-ball team was there, Coach's defeat being due very likely to the fact that he is considered a professional, and therefore not eligible.

Some one mentioned dignity, and before "Shorty" Bowers could reprimand the fellow for his boisterous conduct, he (Shorty) himself was declared to be the most dignified.

L. W. Hamrick's activities were examined, and immediately he was voted the "Hottest Sport."

The President looked over the company and called for the "Biggest Bull Shooter." Thereupon the newly elected Vice President, Mr. "Jack" Franklin, was dragged from his easy chair to guide the class temporarily, while that august body conferred honor where honor was due, and unanimously selected the President, R. L. Humber, for this place.

When E. A. Hamrick arose and nominated H. I. Hester for the "Biggest Roughneck" the class was so struck with his (Hamrick's) beautiful features that "Ikey" Hester was declared the "Roughneck" of the class and "Fat" Hamrick was voted to be the *Cleopatrian* ideal of *Handsomeness*. But Ellis was not to be ignored, and he was dubbed the Best Dresser, while "Crab" Moore took the place of Woman Hater. George Collins reached over to borrow a match and some tobacco from "Casey" Jones during the campaigning, and "Sunday School" Meek came near entering a violent protest, because it was too much for "Casey" to supply the tobacco for all, and "Casey" complained not at all. When the matter was thoroughly investigated even before "Sunday School" said a word—he was declared to be the biggest "Tightwad," "Casey" the most "Optimistic," and George Collins the biggest "Parasite." Sam Thompson was easily the Best Dancer of the Class, while "Manager Bill" espoused the cause of the "Fair Ones," thereby being elected leader of the Suffragette forces. Of

course, "Doc" Martin was the most "Ladylike" of the class, even though "Lou" Sowers is the "Most Reserved and Modest" member of the class.

The Class of '18 is noted for its orators, yet none are so inspired with speeches as is "Dick" Pace, since during his four years in college he has saved all of his speeches while the others have distributed them to the four corners of the earth, either "Skying" or "Campaigning." L. H. Hobgood took time enough away from his work to be elected "Hardest Worker," while John Pace left off the study of Psychology to attend the meeting and was elected the "Best Student." However, R. W. Warren was not to be left out of the political forces, even though "Crah" Moore did beat him out for "Woman Hater," and he was rewarded with the office of "Best Politician." Lest we forget that Muse is the "Giant of the Class" and Blalock is the "Best Writer," the Class elected, or rather appointed, Litchfield as the Debater of the Class to champion their cause in case of any dispute. Keller is the Greatest Campus Walker of the Class by far, while Willis is the honorary member of the Class to succeed "Nogum Trogum" Lassiter, who held that position last year; but it is to be doubted if Robert can soothe the tired spirits of the Class of '18 with the same degree of skill as did his predecessor; yet the sound of Robert's sweet tenor voice will do much to help the weary Seniors endure the hardships of life.

Having smoked all the cigars available, having satisfied the hunger of the most politically inclined, and having elected every one but the "Ugliest," the Class of '18 went its way rejoicing.



JUNIORS





MISS BLANCHE BURKE
Sponsor
JUNIOR CLASS



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class Officers

J. I. ALLEN, JR.	<i>President</i>
S. F. HORTON	<i>Vice President</i>
G. T. ROGERS	<i>Secretary</i>
P. H. NEAL	<i>Treasurer</i>
J. L. SOWERS	<i>Prophet</i>
J. N. DAVIS	<i>Poet</i>
E. M. JACKSON	<i>Historian</i>

Junior Class History

IT IS customary to write history long after its makers have returned unto dust, after their deeds have grown venerable by the passing of many years. Yet precedent renders it necessary to write a brief record of our class. As we approach the end of Junior year we have just cause to look back with pride upon the record of our achievements during our three years of college life. In many respects our class has been more successful than might ordinarily have been expected. In our class are men who take an active part in every phase of college life. However, our deeds speak for themselves.

The history of our class begins in September, 1915, when, as Newish one hundred and seventy-five strong, we first set our feet on Wake Forest soil. The remembrance of this time will never be erased from our minds. At first we were very dignified, but under the careful training of the Sophomores we soon became very meek and lowly. The success of our first year was due in large measure to the ability of our leader and President, H. P. Smith.

In September, 1916, we assumed the duties and responsibilities of Sophomores. We at once entered upon the work of assisting the Student Senate in caring for the "first-year gentlemen." We used kindness rather than force in dealing with them. In justice to ourselves, we must state that we kept them in their rooms after dark and allowed them to act only as Newish should act; but we were able to do this without the aid of the blacking-pot and scissors. Our President for that year was R. W. Warren.

When in September, 1917, we returned to college as Juniors, we again found that our class had greatly decreased in numbers. We have scarcely half as many members as we had last year. This decrease in numbers is due, in large measure, to war conditions. Many of our members have joined the army, or are serving our Nation in some other way. While we miss them and mourn their loss, yet we rejoice that the members of our class have been so loyal and patriotic. Under the efficient leadership of J. L. Allen, Jr., we are having a very successful year.

We have not accomplished as much in interclass athletics as some of the previous classes. In basket-ball, football, and baseball we have not won a game. However, this does not reflect upon the strength of our team, for we have always lost by a very small margin. In the interclass track meet last year we won a decisive victory over all the other classes. Our class won 43 points out of 100, thereby leaving only 52 points for the other three classes.

We have contributed very valuable men to all the varsity teams. In football we have been represented by Croom, Bowers, and Blanchard. To basket-ball, baseball, and to track we have also contributed valuable men. We are also well represented in the literary world. The names of Allen, Croom, Liles, Smith, Lovelace, and Britt are frequently heard in the society halls. Some of the best students in college are to be found in our class.

All in all, we have had a very successful career thus far in our college course. We hope that this success may continue.

HISTORIAN.

Junior Class Prophecy

IN trying to write the prophecy for the Junior Class I have pondered over many ancient volumes of prophecy, both at home and abroad, but could find nothing, nor could I go into a swoon. While sitting in my room all alone I happened to think of an old Indian, a prophet of his tribe. I finally decided to take my troubles to him and see if he could tell me anything of the future of my classmates. Upon arriving at his palace, I found him seated on his papier-mache throne with gilded elephants for support, and holding in his hand a crystal globe. His head was all but hidden in a silken turban, from which hung a single pearl. I told him my troubles, and after going through with his magical ceremony he asked me who I wanted to see first. I told him, and after giving a few weird movements over the magic globe with his hands I beheld our beloved President, Joel I. Allen. Joel is now instructor of a class of Chinese girls.

"Shorty" Ridge, after finishing college, settled down in Jamestown. Shorty has been wonderfully successful, but has never recovered from the cold which he contracted late one evening at Holding's Pond by getting his feet wet.

Ennis Bryan and "Sky" Eagle are still trying to work out a chemical process to abstract the lime salts from the bones which the Newish pull. "Big Boy" Blanchard had not been awake long enough to have anything recorded against him except the long list of Chapel absences which he received at W. F. C.

Next I saw Britt chewing the weed and shooting his spiel without a fear as he was amputating the toe of an old rooster.

Next I saw Teague and Snow as chief surgeons in a big hospital. They were amputating an old man's wooden leg while Fleetwood was giving an anesthetic, and Phil Neal, who studied med. after taking his B.A. degree, was injecting a saline solution for fear that the patient would lose too much blood.

In 1929 Croom introduced a bill in the Legislature prohibiting any one from selling steers over twenty years of age to any of the clubs at Wake Forest College. On account of this he caused his good friend Jackson, who believes in extracting the most out of everything, to get into trouble. But Judge Spurling granted leniency in the case.

At this point I only got a glance at the "Social Bud" Bobbie Burns, the "Arc Light" Jack Bryan, and the "Sporting Star" A. Nolan.

As the old Indian's hand is trembling from holding the Magic Globe so long, I can just barely make out to see General "Jimmy" Lake leading the second battle of Fayetteville Street.

Hold the globe just a little longer, old man! Here is something that interests me, but is not surprising. There is Pittman; he has written a book entitled "Leave Off Legging Professors." He has had it published and is living on the proceeds.

PROPHET.



SOPH'S.



MISS DORRIS JENKINS
Sponsor
SOPHOMORE CLASS

SOPHOMORE CLASS



Trills

Clyde Mouch

Charles Johnson

Barbara Bridges

Blanchman

Elaine

Solbert

Flanby Kett

Robinson

Perrin

Ph...

Stearns

C. Felt

Tatum

Wray
Robinson

Stearns

Sophomore Class Officers

M. Y. KEITH	<i>President</i>
A. W. BEACHBOARD	<i>Vice President</i>
J. D. ROBBINS	<i>Secretary</i>
W. H. WOODY	<i>Treasurer</i>
P. Y. JACKSON	<i>Prophet</i>
W. E. GRESHAM	<i>Poet</i>
F. J. LANCASTER	<i>Historian</i>

Sophomore Class Poem

*What have you there, old pal?
Soph Faustus asked one day.
Why, it's blacking, you old crony;
We must make our business pay.*

*Newish Craig was down at the movies,
And Hunter seems to think
That the Sophomore Class hasn't got the nerve
To lead a guy to the brink.*

*And then there are scores of others:
For instance, Bullock, J.,
And little handsome Ballentine,
Who chants sweet songs all day.*

*Oh, I tell you we must get busy
And let the Freshies know
That a Rocky Road is the Newish Road—
The road that they must go.*

*Get Woody, Wright, and J. L. Jones
(The Glee Club Tre-La-La)
And Senator Hanby; he alone
Would make them yell for "Pa."*

*Then get Robbins, Trehey, and Meyers,
And all the rest you know;
Get special word to Hankins—
He'll make the old stuff go.*

*And the noble Sophs., inspired by friends
In all that famous class,
Went near and far the campus ends,
Nor did any Newish pass.*

*O night, O horrible night,
And 'twas bad for gifties few.
Be doubly careful, Freshman friend;
Some night they'll get you, too.*

POET.

Sophomore Class History

THE history of the illustrious Sophomore Class began in September, 1916, when, as Newish one hundred and forty strong, we first set our feet on Wake Forest soil. We were as green, fresh, and wise as any of our predecessors. Long will that time stand out in our minds, adorned with many golden reminiscences—that day of all days when we passed for the first time under "Pro Humanitate" and turned our ambitious feet upon the Campus Boulevards of Knowledge, towards the far distant citadel of Wisdom. At first we were very dignified and important, but we were soon informed by the wise Sophomores that we did not own the place. Consequently, we stayed in our holes, as meek and lowly Newish should, and studied, keeping eyes and ears open and mouths shut. Thus we spent our Newish year.

Three short months brought us into our noble heritage, and with a wild yell we struck the campus. Lo! not many were so wise as we. Behold! the green Newish, as numberless as the pebbles on the mighty beach, and as ignorant as the Hottentots, were in our midst, trembling with fear. We have dealt kindly with them, even as Pharaoh did with the Israelites of old, and have not oppressed them, as we remember the former days when we received kindness and mercy from upper classmen. However, we have tried to instruct them in the ways of wisdom, and we hope that we have taught them to act decently on the campus.

As Sophomores, we have accomplished very much in interclass athletics, just as we did the first year. The first year we defeated our "Masters" in football and basketball, which caused them to get straight in behind us and keep us off the campus and away from public places after 7:30. The varsity teams also were greatly strengthened by the addition of several members of our class last year. This year we were the victors in interclass athletics, winning in both football and basketball. The varsity teams are greatly strengthened this year, as well as last, by the addition of several good players from our class. Our achievements are not limited to the field of athletics, for we have been well represented in the literary and forensic activities of the College. Several of our members are regular contributors to the various publications of the College. In the Society Day debate both Sophomores delivered excellent speeches, reflecting credit upon themselves and upon the class.

Several times this year the members of the student body have been called upon to make contributions for various purposes. Last year this class pledged its part for the new Royster Athletic Field. This year the Sophomores gave their proportional part of the \$600 which was raised for Liberty Loan Bonds, and also their part of the Y. M. C. A. war fund. The Sophomore Class, as has been proved, can be depended upon to do its proportionate part in every phase of college life. Our class has lost and is still losing some good men, who are called upon to come to the aid of their country. These men have responded readily, and others are only waiting until their time comes.

So be it. We are glad that we were Freshmen, and gladder that we are Sophomores. We believe that we have contributed our part towards making 1917-18 the best year of Wake Forest, and whatever we have contributed we have done it freely and willingly.

HISTORIAN.

Sophomore Class Prophecy

NOW it happened that as we sojourned nigh unto the wilderness of Wake the spirit of prophecy descended upon us; and though we lamented sore against the might wherewith he seized upon us, we had no choice but to behold all those things which are, and which were, and which were to be; and to declare with a loud voice those things which we beheld.

And lo! there were shown unto us mighty signs and wonders, and divers strange things. And the mystery of the nature and the existence of those things which are of the earth, and of the sky, and of the sea, was laid bare. I saw these things, and they were not. But the grandeur thereof made me to marvel; their secret declared I not unto men. But the most wonderful by far of those mysteries which I beheld was this: There was at that time in the wilderness of Wake a great and mighty class, the greatest which since the beginning of history had come unto that place. And upon the insignia of that class stood the number '20. Seen from above, they were like unto a race of giants, for their heads were swollen prodigiously. And behold! they were each of them accustomed to riotous living, and to snoring by night. But when the time of an examination drew nigh there was no pleasure in them. They expended the electricity until midnight, so diligently did they cram; and faced the ordeal of rapid-fire questions bravely; and did flunk dismally. But as their final year drew near, and they thought of what might lie beyond a college, they studied, and learned. This was very wonderful.

Other wonders there were. For from time immemorial it has been the custom of the Sophomores to decorate the campus with a singular ornament: Newish, various and sundry, after a riotous night, were wont to appear with close-shaven poll and with darksome and somber countenance; whereof their eyes glared like points of fire as they thirsted for revenge. But the valorous Class of '20 sought not to bedeck their younger brethren so that a call meeting of the Fres-lunan Class could not be distinguished from a colored camp meeting. Whereupon a welcome and grateful peace ensued, and there was neither weeping, nor wailing, nor gnashing of teeth. This was the second wonder.

And I beheld the members of the Class of '20 each upon his career toward greatness; ruling the nations of the earth and inscribing their names upon the tablets of fame, so that they will be remembered. These things I beheld, and have written. But those things which are to follow will be declared unto you by another prophet, the latchet of whose shoes I am unworthy to loose.

PROPHET.



NEWISH





MISS MILDRED WATKINS
Sponsor
FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMAN CLASS



Freshman Class Officers

RUFUS A. HUNTER	<i>President</i>
SHAW PRUETTE	<i>Vice President</i>
SAMUEL INGRAM	<i>Secretary</i>
EUGENE CRAIG	<i>Treasurer</i>
W. P. BENTHAL	<i>Prophet</i>
T. O. PANGLE	<i>Poet</i>
J. EVERETT HUNTER	<i>Historian</i>

Freshman Class Poem

*Time has wrought its yearly changes
To the youth in college life;
Classes one year higher range
By achievements in the strife.*

*We, whom twenty-one shall bless well,
Into college have been hurled
Like a duckling from the egg-shell,
Like an infant in the world.*

*Yet, our records point our good fate;
Nowhere did we fall behind.
We have followed up the mandate:
Train your heart first, then your mind.*

*We are brothers, troubles sharin',
Coming through a ruthless war
With our heads all bald and barren
And our faces black as tar.*

*Some have missed the shears and clipping
And Black Mammy in the spite
Of the Sophs, who're ever slipping
Like a thief into the night.*

*There is one good admonition
To this little Newish mass:
That its permanent position
Is not in the Freshman Class.*

POET.

Freshman Class History

ON September 1, 1917, many men came to Wake Forest to have their first experience of college life. Freshmen they were, and Freshmen they looked. A stranger could have picked them out as they stepped off the train. The Freshman unknowingly brought off the train a traveling bag in one hand and a box of nervousness in the other. On the way to the clubs, the talk of the upper classmen was so wonderful that the holds on the boxes were relaxed. The stranger would have a difficult task to pick them now. The scared look has disappeared from their faces and they are now taking active part in college work.

The Freshmen have an organization. Their class was organized September 21st, by the President of the Senate Committee. They have a president, a secretary, a treasurer, and a sponsor. The sponsor elected was Miss Mildred Watkins of Winston-Salem.

The class has made a good record in athletics. Many of the class have won places on the varsity football team, and one a place on the All-State team. The class feels proud of this and why shouldn't they? Even the Sophomores recognize these good qualities.

The first rest day was "Society Day," October 29th. This day was the first one the Freshmen were given the opportunity to be with the "Fair Sex." The next holiday was Thanksgiving, November 29th. The day was one of rain, but not one of discomfort. The patter of the rain on the roof was a lullaby for a second sleep, and the only thing that could coax one from Slumberland were visions of turkey and goose for dinner.

Christmas holidays began December 20th. The Freshmen went to their homes with many tales of woe, and many of happy experiences. The holidays passed, and the New Year found the men back in Wake Forest. This time it was with pleasure that they came, and not with fear.

And thus endeth the first chapter. As for the next, who can say?

HISTORIAN.

SENIOR



JUNIOR



JUNIOR

ALLEN

CLASS PRESIDENTS

SOPHOMORE

FRESHMAN



Marion KEITH

Rufus HUNTER



LAW

MINISTERIAL

MEDICAL

F.A.H.
E.A. HAMRICK

DEPARTMENT PRESIDENTS



TEACHERS

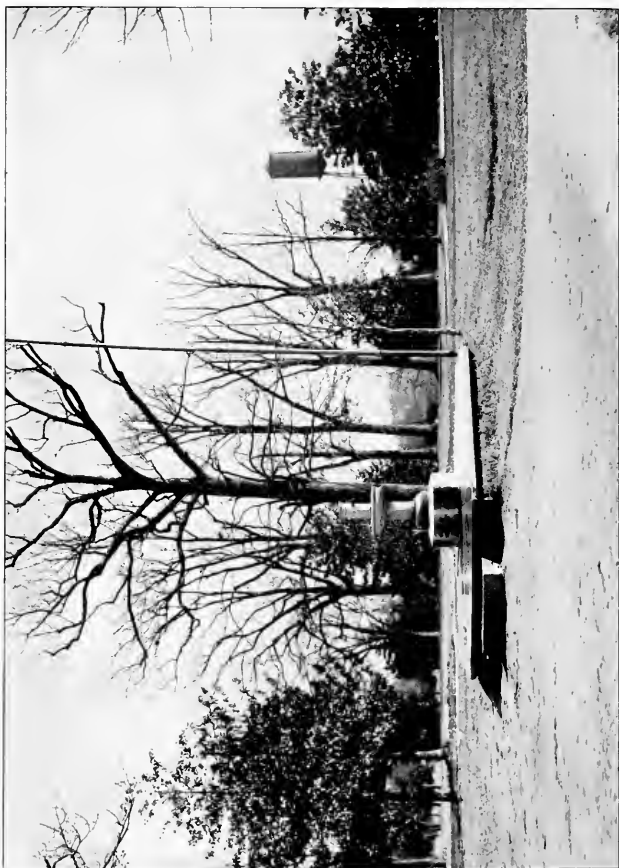


GILLESPIE

S.W. THOMPSON



L.W. HAMRICK







MISS BESSIE LEE NICHOLSON
Sponsor
TEACHERS' CLASS

TEACHERS' CLASS



Witchfield

Joyner

Red Mill
- Glover

Bennet

Phil Neel

can

Teachers' Class Officers

L. W. HAMRICK	<i>President</i>
J. PAGE	<i>Vice President</i>
P. H. NEAL	<i>Secretary</i>
S. F. HORTON	<i>Treasurer</i>
J. C. JOYNER	<i>Prophet</i>
J. W. BRYAN, JR.	<i>Poet</i>
L. R. WILLIFORD	<i>Historian</i>

Teachers' Class Poem

*Hail, O faithful, toiling teacher,
Enviied, hated, tortured creature!
 To your hand
Least and greatest own dominion;
And you rule (in your opinion)
 Every land.*

*Your resources are unbounded!
Children's lives must be well rounded
 By their guide,
Stuff your pupils full of knowledge,
Send them off to some good college
 To abide.*

*Every child develops faster
If the teacher is a master
 In his realm,
Children soon must stand among us,
When decrepitude has flung us
 From the helm.*

*There can be no greater blessing
Than to hear a man confessing,
 When you're blue,
How the teachings, once imparted,
Which had got him rightly started,
 Came from you.*

*While some other man is shirking
And you find yourself not working
 Like a cog,
Fit yourself to this one calling,
Be a conscientious, toiling
 Pedagogue!*

Teachers' Class Prophecy

IN the early Spring I went to the seashore for a few days recreation. I drifted away from the crowd, walking down the shore until I found a secluded spot. My thoughts soon turned to my college days. I began to think what would become of the Teachers' Class of '18—how they would carry out the instructions of the Education Professor: about standard conditions, standard attainments, and various other things very essential for those who intend to make teaching their profession.

To my surprise, I soon found that I was not alone, as I had hoped, for I heard a faint voice saying: "I know what it is that thou art thinking of." I began to examine my surroundings more closely. I discovered a beautiful pink-lined shell, out of which stepped the loveliest creature I had ever seen. The Fairy which stood before me began to wave her wand as she said to me:

"If into the future you would see,
Take one sip from this shell of the sea,
And you shall have a glimpse of the things that are to be.
But first this promise I must have from thee,
That as only in a dream wilt thou speak of me."

I immediately complied with her request. Upon doing so, I fell back in a profound sleep. There appeared before me a revolving glass.

The first thing to greet my vision was the smiling countenance of my old classmate, L. L. Johnson, who had devoted his entire time to the ministry of the Gospel. He said that he had just seen Mr. L. V. Coggins, who was instructor of Greek in Chowan College.

The vision changed to that of a crowded city. I looked up, and saw the sign, "L. W. HAMRICK, BROKER." Just at that moment my old friends R. V. Moss and W. B. Gladney came by. I learned that Gladney was Professor of English in Columbia University and that Moss was instructor in Psychology in the same institution.

In the next vision I saw J. C. Pace and S. S. Meek making a political campaign for George S. Quillin, who was running for Governor of Florida. I was somewhat surprised at this, until I learned that A. D. Pace was to be Attorney-General.

I was not permitted to linger longer, as the mirror was revolving. I had to take a hasty glance to see Joseph Page, Principal of Raleigh High School. Then came C. S. Owen and R. W. James, who had become missionaries in China.

In the next scene I saw C. Y. Milton, who had learned that the eyes of love were blind, and was living happily with his wife and children in Greensboro. He was instructor in French in the State Normal College.

In the next scene I saw Messrs. R. L. Litchfield and G. D. Heafner, who were teaching in the High School at Edenton.

As the glass turned I saw the old campus of Wake Forest College, and J. M. Hernndon, who, on account of his love for the College, had returned and was teaching in the Math. Department.

I awoke from the trance, disappointed at not seeing my own future. I called to the Fairy. She answered, as she stepped into her pink-tipped shell and was carried out to sea on the bosom of a receding wave: "It is not best for thee to know thine own future."

PROPHET.

NOW YOUNG GENTLEMEN!
HERE YOU FIND TWO
YOUNG MEN WHO DIFFER,
YET, LEARNED IN
THE
LAW





MISS ANNIE LEE POPE

Sponsor

LAW CLASS



LAW CLASS

Law Class Officers

E. A. HAMRICK	<i>President</i>
J. A. JONES	<i>Vice President</i>
A. J. FRANKLIN, JR.	<i>Secretary</i>
P. D. CROOM	<i>Treasurer</i>
WOOD PRIVOTT	<i>Poet</i>
R. W. WARREN	<i>Prophet</i>
PROF. E. W. TIMBERLAKE	<i>Chief Justice</i>
PROF. R. B. WHITE	<i>Associate Justice</i>
E. C. ROBINSON	<i>Clerk of Moot Court</i>
A. WAYNE BEACHBOARD	<i>Solicitor of Moot Court</i>
C. F. GOOCH	<i>Sheriff of Moot Court</i>

Law Class History

SINCE the 1917-'18 HOWLER will give but one page to the history of this class, it will be necessary to record, in only a few lines, the many historic deeds that have been deeply recorded on the minds of many and will be remembered until the memory of man runneth to the contrary. So, fellow-students and classmates, should your heroic deeds and wonderful achievements be not recorded here, remember that they are graven on the memory of man, and that this is more conspicuous than having them set down on paper or parchment.

During the first few weeks of college the Law Class was called to order by some unknown attorney-to-be, who, however, must have by some means attained the "Power of Attorney." We think, without such legal power he would have hesitated to interrupt such a body of legal minds. However, in the course of human events the meeting was called to order and, strange to say, there was no wire-pulling or politicking in its election, as usually is in elections. One E. A. Hamrick, better known as "Fat," was chosen our President. It is he who is to attempt to lead us through the many trials. "Fat" has shown wonderful generalship.

The Law Class roll is unusually small this year on account of so great a number answering the call of the Stars and Stripes, and since Equity regards that as done which ought to be done, they, like all lawyers, will do their duty wherever stationed. In memory of those who have left us to join a luncheon party whose objective point is Berlin, kindly let us turn our thoughts in dedication.

We have left among us the true spirit of a true class. We have contributed our share to the group of gridiron warriors, such as Gay, Croom, and others, and when the other athletic seasons open we will also make our contribution. We also have a number of legal heads that take their daily exercise playing "Cow-Pasture Pool." And, strange to say, we have only one or two who are taking the Drug Store course; however, some are good movie attendants; but lawyers need a change of scenery.

Our class is doing good work in the Moot Court, with Professor Timberlake, judge presiding, and Professor White, associate justice. Every one seems to take a special interest in the meetings, and we are very grateful to our judges and to Dr. Gulley. The efforts of the gentlemen have been untiring.

The Law Class has achieved wonderful success in the study of its many legal courses, and especially in the subject of marshaling, exoneration, contribution, lappage, rule against perpetuities, and last, but by no means least, that all-important subject, "The rule in Shelley's Case."

The historian will have to drop his pen and take a bird's-eye view of all the cases involving the practical points of law since the recording of Stone vs. Durham, and join his fellow classmates in making rather than in writing class history.

HISTORIAN.

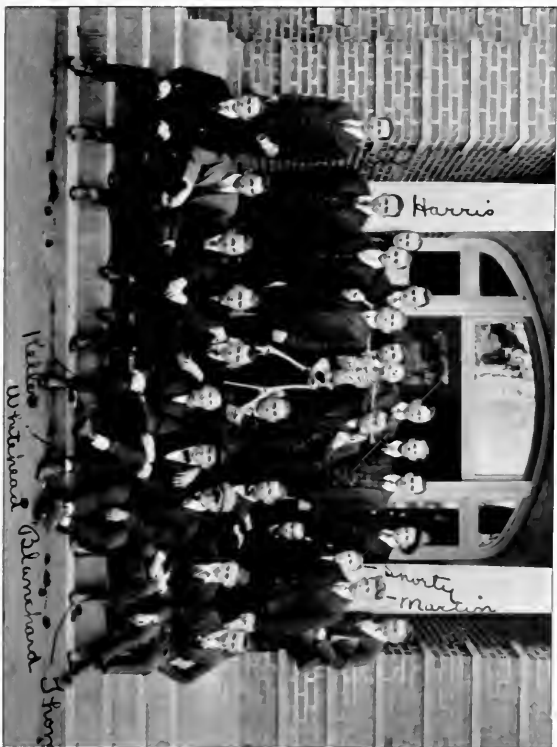




MED'S.



MISS LOIS DICKSON
Sponsor
MEDICAL CLASS



Middle A. Class

Medical Class Officers

S. A. THOMPSON	<i>President</i>
R. L. KELLER	<i>Vice President</i>
C. T. JOHNSON	<i>Secretary</i>
GEORGE COLLINS	<i>Treasurer</i>
C. C. JONES	<i>Prophet</i>
L. H. HOBGOOD	<i>Poet</i>
L. P. MARTIN	<i>Historian</i>
JABEZ WILLIAMS	<i>Surgeon</i>
J. F. OWEN	<i>Chaplain</i>
C. F. HARRIS	<i>Orator</i>

Medical Class Poem

*The students in Anatomy
With stiff-meat fought right valiantly;
And some threw foul, and some threw fair,
But all took aim at Rabbit Hair.*

*In walked the Doc., to their surprise,
And gloomed his face and rolled his eyes;
And yet they stopped so short and neut,
He could not tell who threw the meat.*

*Cried he, "What liberties you're takin'!
Who's going to clear the mess you're makin'?
I'll give you all a sure 'nough rakin',
Or else my name's not Doctor Aiken."*

*And then he up and says to Zack:
"Did you help throw this meat, you quack?"
And Zack declared: "I would not dare
To throw stiff-meat at Rabbit Hair."*

*And so he turned to Crabby Moore,
And Crabb recalled the time before,
He eyed the Doc. from head to floor,
"I didn't do it," he softly swore.*

*"Nor neither I," spake Casey Jones,
In innocent and wobbly tones;
"My hands are clean, my thoughts are pure;
Such horrid tricks I can't endure."*

*"As for myself," George Collins said,
"I'd rather see this room run red
With blood of fifty Germans dead
Than to be called a roughneck Med."*

*Then followed quickly Cury Harris,
Whom all the saints could not embarrass,
And said, in tones so nice and sweet,
"I never thought of throwing meat."*

*Then Keller roared: "I've been here long,
And who's ever seen me in the wrong?
Have aught of ye? I gently ask;
My hands rebel 'gainst such a task."*

*But Sir Poindexter volunteered:
"I done it, Doc. I ain't er-skeered."
This paved the way for timid feet:
Excitement rose to fever heat.*

*And now, since all the cats were spilt,
Doc, Owen, too, confessed his guilt.
Said he, taking a chew of weed,
"I did my share—why, shore, indeed!"*

*Ellis sat near, as in a dream,
Surely this pitcher, of high esteem,
Had not stood by in idleness
While such a game was in process.*

*And so he, too, confession made,
While after lingering delayed,
Until Sam Thompson murmured low,
"I slung some, too—a time or so."*

*And C. T. Johnson up and spoke,
"Now, fellows, this was but a joke:
There is no reason now for scare,
So I admit I threw my share."*

*Lo! Turkey Dawson saw his fall,
He saw the Doc. would catch them all,
And so, with that same semi-smile,
Struck up and said, "I helped a while."*

*Then Garcia, last, but all the same,
With Cuban accent did proclaim,
"I had a finger in this game,
And so I'll bear my part of blame."*

*And now, with seven confessions made,
They stood about and, trembling, prayed
The Doc. to make the sentence light:
Their knees did each the other smite.*

*The Doctor pondered o'er the case,
And then announced, with frowning face:
"For five long days, unruly asses,
You are suspended from my classes."*

POET.

Medical Class History

YE MUSE, come forth from your mysterious hiding place and champion the cause of truth. An unworthy pupil today endeavors to chronicle the actions of a class of whom it is inadvisable to tell the truth, and it is dangerous to try.

Four years ago we inflicted Wake Forest with ourselves. The yell of the Sophs turned to wails of terror. The societies took one look at us and unanimously voted to excuse us permanently from attendance. The Medical Faculty saw our names on the register and resigned. Since then they kept on resigning until Dr. Aiken, in the absence of his myopic lenses, announced to the outside world that this aggregation of an unknown species was really of the race of humans.

From that unpropitious beginning we acquired a reputation which is written, not on the sands of time, but with a chisel of fire on the rocks of adamant, impossible to erase. It is a record that the most scrupulous could not criticise. In fact, from the standpoint of morality we have almost surpassed the ministerial class, as various unwary Freshmen have testified. It is the custom for the class to have prayers each morning before beginning class work. As a result of this custom we have several medical missionaries among our number. George Collins, who is spiritual mentor of the class, worked hard and long with "Zack" Mitchell, who was the last to see the light as it was pointed out to him. Finally, after months of darkness and disobedience, he yielded and came into a haven of rest which he might just as well have entered years before instead of long tossing on the troubled sea without. How beautiful that this mentor should lovingly and patiently lead the more timorous and shrinking soul up the golden staircase of perfection until step by step they have attained the height which others conquer at a bound.

Let not appearance deceive you, though, O stranger! Ours may appear to be a well-balanced class, but only an insider may know the truth. There is really a sharp line of division in the class that divides it evenly into two factions—the liars and the boneheads. The latter represent the ones who were shipped for meat-throwing, the former the ones who escaped. However, when the last act has been done and the last word has been spoken, we stand as living examples in the history of the College to those who may follow—a class from whom one hundred per cent have volunteered into the service; not that we are the more patriotic, but that we were the more urged.

Now, as the lights grow dim and memory grows dull, we ask you to turn this blurred page of history and forget; because as dark as the past may have been, we know that light is breaking over the eastern horizon and that the dark silver-rimmed clouds will soon become fleeced with gold—for Roy Keller has a girl, and the worst cannot be yet to come.

HISTORIAN.

Medical Class Prophecy

IN the year 1911, while on a visit to Wake Forest College, I met my old friend, Dr. L. H. Hobgood, who was practicing medicine at Wake Forest and doing special work at the Hospital as internist in the absence of Dr. W. T. Carstarphen, and also was Associate Professor of Anatomy in the Wake Forest School of Medicine.

After paying my respects to my old Alma Mater, I returned to my home in St. Louis, going through the Southern States, making my first stop at Wilmington, N. C. There I found Dr. J. F. Owen, who had given up the practice of medicine in Wilmington and had become a Chiropractor. I also saw Dr. W. E. Dawson of Asheville, N. C. He was demonstrating a serum which he had discovered for the cure of tuberculosis.

After leaving Wilmington, my next stop was Charleston, S. C. There I was guest of Dr. S. A. Thompson, owner of the Thompson Hospital. Dr. R. L. G. Keller of Johns Hopkins Hospital was also his guest. Dr. Keller had won quite a reputation as a surgeon.

On my way to Atlanta I met Dr. H. B. Moore of Jacksonville, Fla., who had become a noted eye, ear, and nose specialist. He was returning from Columbia University, where he had been taking a post-graduate course. Dr. Moore was married and had five children.

In Atlanta, Ga., I met Dr. George Collins. He had been doing general practice in Bladen County, N. C., and had become a noted Pellagra specialist. He was there attending a meeting of the Purity League. Dr. L. P. Martin, Professor of Physiology at Tulane University, was also there. He delivered the opening address.

After leaving Atlanta, I had the good fortune of meeting with my good old friend, Dr. F. Garcia of Havana, Cuba. He had won the reputation of being the Mayo of Cuba. He was scheduled to lecture at Tulane University on the Function of the Thyroid Gland.

At Birmingham, Ala., I was a guest for a few days of Dr. C. F. Harris, who had become a noted stomach specialist. He had become very wealthy, being connected with the mining industry near Birmingham.

When I stepped from the train in Nashville, Tenn., I was surprised to see Dr. Z. P. Mitchell, a medical missionary of Hong Kong, China. He was attending a meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention. Dr. Z. P. Mitchell's old college pal, Dr. J. B. Williams, was with him. Dr. Williams was soliciting funds for the endowment of the Wake Forest School of Medicine.

On reaching my home in St. Louis, I was very glad to meet and have as my guest Dr. C. T. Johnson, Dean of the Department of Medicine of Leland Stanford University, and Dr. L. G. Ellis, who was Major in the United States Army. Both were attending a meeting of the American Medical Association. Dr. Ellis was there in the interest of the United States Government.

Thus ended my memorable trip from Wake Forest to St. Louis.

PROPHET.

SKYS





MISS MUZETTE DANIEL
Sponsor
MINISTERIAL CLASS

"Out of my line."



MINISTERS CLASS

Ministerial Class Officers

J. T. GILLESPIE	<i>President</i>
L. A. GOGGINS	<i>Vice President</i>
P. A. HICKS	<i>Secretary</i>
P. E. WHITE	<i>Treasurer</i>
D. L. WOODWARD	<i>Historian</i>
J. C. CANIFE	<i>Prophet</i>
L. S. CLARK	<i>Poet</i>

Ministerial Class History

AS IN times past, the Ministerial Class of Wake Forest College still outnumbers any of the other classes. Of the total number of students this session, eighty-four are ministerial students.

The class meets regularly on Thursday afternoon of each week. Under the able and inspiring leadership of Dr. Cullom, the Professor of the Bible, we have devoted ourselves during the past year to the study of Dr. Phillips Brooks' Lectures on Preaching, and to discussing the various phases of the minister's work. We also have had the privilege of hearing a number of helpful and inspiring lectures from other members of the Faculty, as well as from a good number of distinguished visitors.

When it comes to the more active side of college life, the Y. M. C. A., Sunday School, Society, and Athletics, there you will find members of our class in abundance taking part in all the good work.

In athletics our class regularly furnishes men for the football, basket-ball, baseball, and track teams. In forensic and literary activities the Ministerial Class has made an enviable record. In every intercollegiate contest and in every literary society celebration, whether in debate or oratory, our men win a large share of the honors. This year the Students' Berean Class has one of our members at the helm, guiding and directing it.

Since we are not a class of preachers, but merely a class of college students, is it any wonder that we sometimes feel disappointments and persecute the saints? However, we feel that there is some very effective ministerial work being done by members of this class in supplying pastorless churches, relieving sick and tired pastors, and in some cases even having pastoral charge of churches.

The class still holds to worthy precedents set by former classes, and is now making new precedents by taking aggressive steps in creating a stronger moral and religious atmosphere at Wake Forest College.

HISTORIAN.

Ministerial Class Prophecy

"The time is out of joint! Oh! cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

OUT of harmony with other prophets whose facile pens have both stunned and delighted their respective classes, I set my hand naively to the task.

From the golden age of "Sky" history, when mysticism was prevalent, to the present time of world turmoil, there has never been a more promising crowd of preachers turned loose from these halls.

Ere the earth makes another circuit around her orbit or Jupiter has a half chance to flirt with the Moon, H. L. Hester will have succeeded to the pastorate of Fifth Avenue Church, New York City, and already entered upon a series of World-Peace lectures, which will bring all rulers and diplomats of the world to sackcloth and ashes.

Through my prophetic kaleidoscope, which extends into the unbounded future, I behold one Plato Hicks, whose fame and reputation have spread in every direction as a man of forethought and action, especially in regard to Woman Suffrage—since he has, by 1926, abandoned the ministry and entered upon an enthusiastic "Spirit" campaign and advertised for a second wife who is willing to take care of nine children.

It takes no prophet to see that Tom Gillespie, after having made a thorough study and investigation of the Negro problem, will soon be a missionary to the dark continent of Africa.

The morning issue of the *New York Times*, Monday, July 7, 1933, will carry the following statement: "Rev. L. L. Johnson of North Carolina was unanimously called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Brooklyn, at the 11 o'clock service yesterday. Mr. Johnson will enter upon his work immediately and begin a series of sermons on 'Tea: its use, and how to make it.'"

Mr. L. V. Coggins, after having finished his Hebrew course, will marry a Russian Jewess and become the leading factor in the rehabilitation of the Russian Empire.

By sudden flash of the Associated Press we will get the following concerning our mechanically and artistically inclined preacher, M. T. Rankin: "U-Boat Problem Solved. Mr. M. T. Rankin has established an oceanic college in the English Channel for the education of whales and sea monsters to destroy submarines. War will be over in three months as result."

D. L. Woodard will become head coach of volley ball at Cornell University.

Childress, James, and Owen will form a third triumvirate for the purpose of establishing a new religion.

PROPHET.

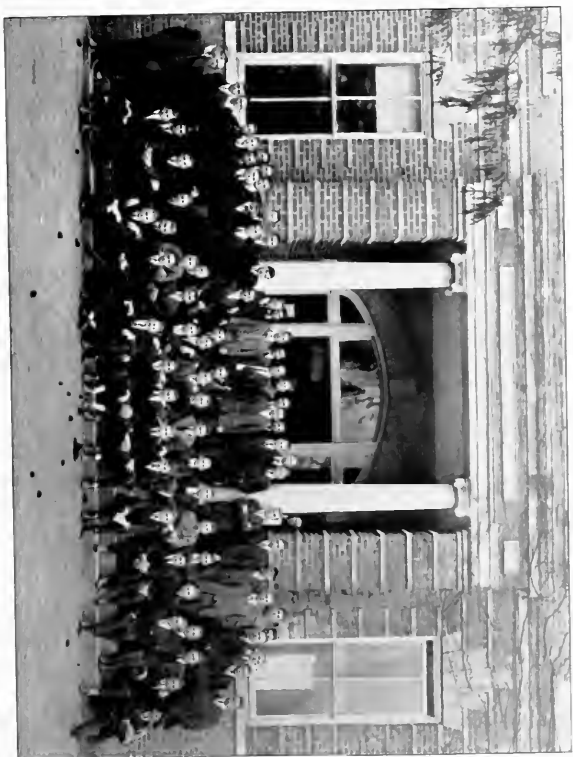
SOCIETIES
AND
REPRESENTATIVES

Philomathesia

*Ere from this presence, long revered,
Departing footfalls, sadly heard,
Shall die away, some time-proof word
 With you, my sons, I fain would leave.*

*Bear hence this blessing I bestow;
Stop by my counsels as you go;
Be strong for right, scorn measures low;
 In God put trust, in man believe.*

*Strive all brave deeds to emulate;
Serve well in mart, in church, in state;
Bear ye my name inviolate,
 And then, my sons, the crown receive.*



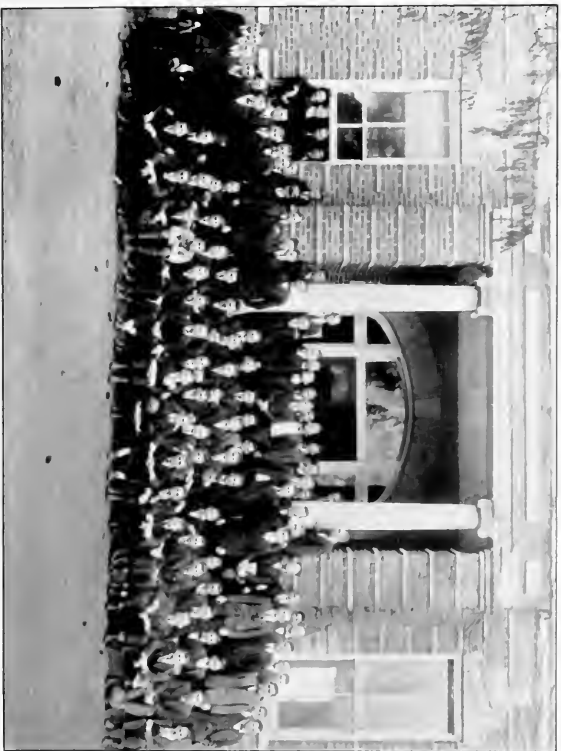
PHI KAPPA PHI LITERARY SOCIETY

Euzelia

*Hither once more, ye sons of mine,
Gather about this hallowed shrine,
Whose altar-fires, heaven-lit, divine,
And vestal-kept, forever gleam.*

*Touch reverent now this sacred urn,
And ere far hence our footsteps turn,
Let holy purpose inly burn
Toward some noble far-glimpsed theme.*

*What years may bring fret not to ask;
Hope-nerved, pass to each arduous task;
The true defend, the false unmask,
And thus, my sons, make real your dreams.*



ETZELS LITERARY SOCIETY

Intercollegiate Debaters



J. C. CANIPE



M. T. RANKIN



H. I. HESTER
Alternate

Baylor University at Raleigh

QUERY—AFFIRMATIVE

Resolved, That the short-ballot
system of elections should be
adopted by the several States.

Intercollegiate Debaters



R. L. HUMBER, JR.



L. S. SPURLING

Randolph-Macon at Ashland, Va.

QUERY—AFFIRMATIVE

*Resolved, That the cession of
Alsace-Lorraine to France should
be made a condition of peace be-
tween the Allies and the Central
Powers.*



L. J. BRITT
Alternate

Anniversary Orators



J. T. GILLESPIE



M. T. RANKIN

Anniversary Officers



D. L. WOODWARD
President



R. L. LITCHFIELD
Secretary

Society Day Orators



L. A. COGGINS



W. B. GLADNEY



H. I. HESTER



C. S. OWEN

Anniversary Debaters



J. C. CANIPE



L. L. JOHNSON



P. D. CROOM



B. T. WARD

Society Day Debaters



L. J. BRITT



B. S. LILES



A. W. BEACHBOARD



D. B. JOHNSON



(1) M. T. RANKIN, *Chairman*, Phi.

(2) H. I. HESLER, *Secretary*, Eu.

(3) L. A. GOGGINS, Phi.

(4) W. B. GLADNEY, Eu.

(5) R. L. HUMBER, JR., Phi.



COMMENCEMENT MARSHALS

(1) L. W. HAMBRICK, Ed., *Chief*

(2) W. L. TATUM, Ed.

(3) T. M. UZZLE, Ed.

(4) M. T. RASKIN, Phi., *Chief*



BURNS-PHI-CHIEF

ANNIVERSARY
MARSHALS



NANCE-EU



WRIGHT-PHI



QUILLIN-EU-CHIEF



L.Y. BALLENTINE
PHIL.



A.J. FRANKLIN JR.
EU. PRES.



P.E. WHITE
EU. CHIEF



J.P. CROUCH
EU.



J.T. ALLEN JR.
PHIL. SECY.



G.L. HOUTZ
EU.

SOCIETY DAY OFFICERS AND MARSHALS

MEKAUGHAN
EU-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

HUMBER
PHI-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

WAKE FOREST
STUDENT

February 18

HAMRICK
EU-BUS. MGR

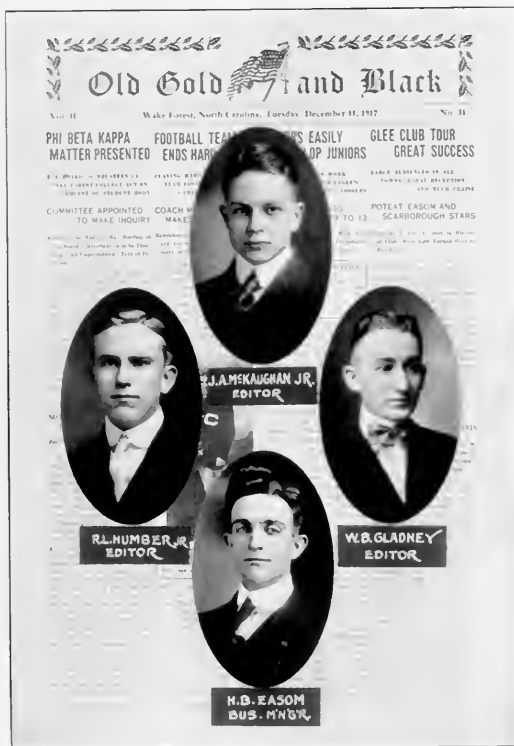
BURNS
PHI-ASSO. EDITOR

EASON
PHI-ASSO. EDITOR

NEAL
EU-ASSO. EDITOR

GOOCH
PHI-ASS'T. BUS. MGR

THE STUDENT STAFF



OLD GOLD AND BLACK

PROF. S. A. DERIEUX, Faculty Editor

STAFF

P. H. NEAL

T. M. FIZZLE

J. W. BRYAN, JR.

G. S. QUILLIN

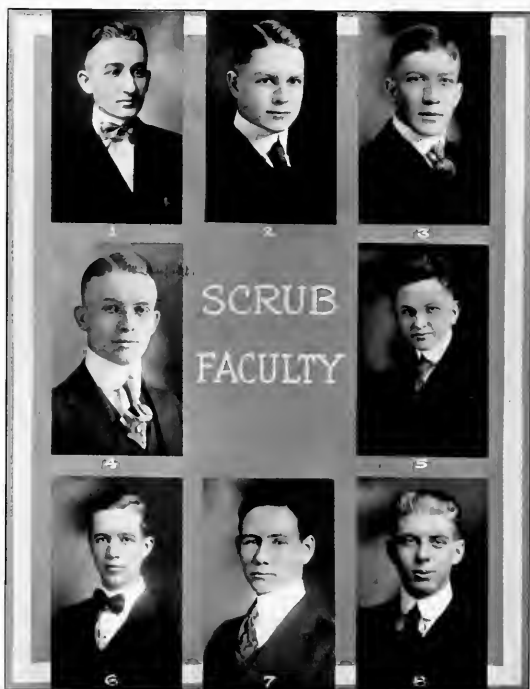
L. S. SPURLING

E. BRYAN

H. I. HESTER

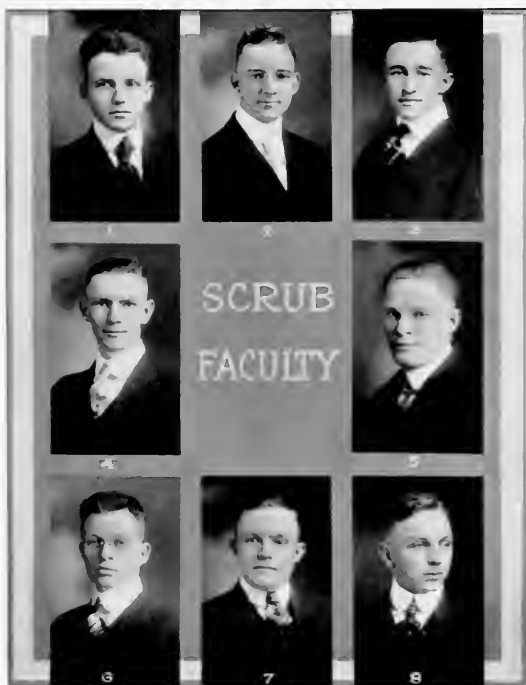
J. D. TRAHEY

MRS. J. R. CROZIER



- (1) GLADNEY, English
- (2) MCKAUGHAN, English
- (3) COWAN, Applied Mathematics
- (4) NEAL, Physics

- (5) KELLER, Anatomy
- (6) DAWSON, Embryology and Histology
- (7) MITCHELL, Pathology and Bacteriology
- (8) MARTIN, Physiology



(1) COLLINS, Pharmacology

(2) GILLESPIE, Bible

(3) QUILLIN, Library, Government,
and Economics

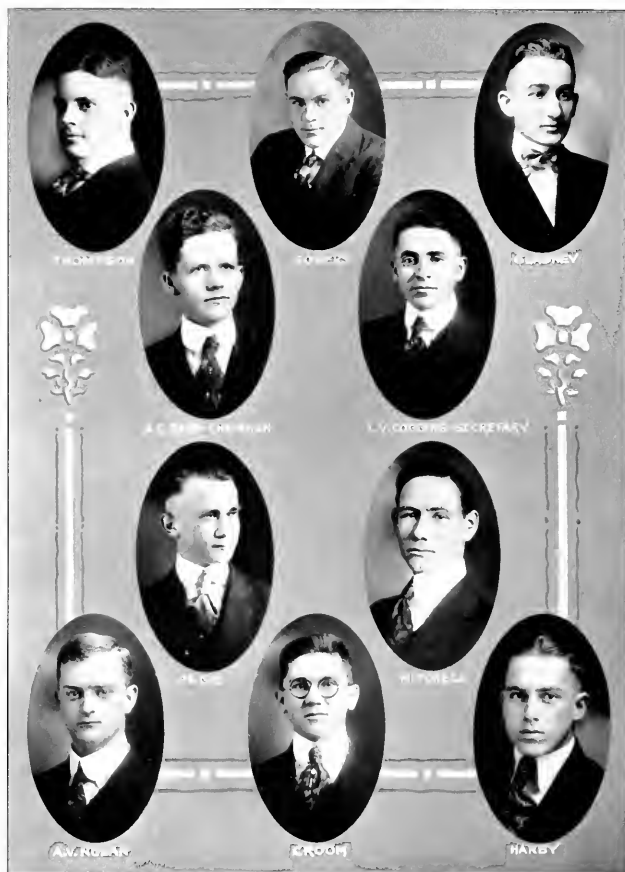
(4) BLALOCK, Library

(5) JONES, Hospital Interne

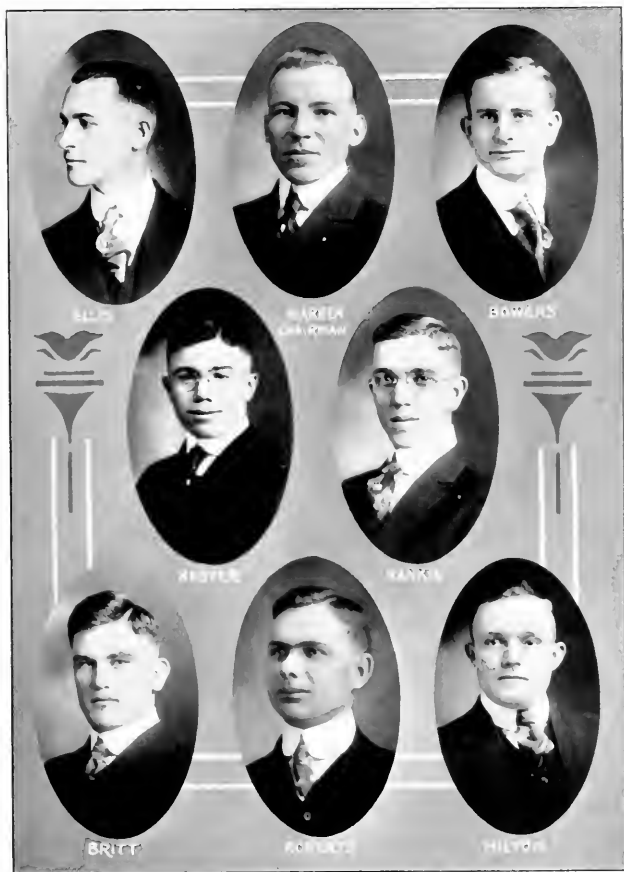
(6) UZZLE, German

(7) MILTON, Biology

(8) SPURLING, Library



STUDENT SENATE



HONOR COMMITTEE



R. L. HUMBERT JR. - VICE-PRES.



M. HESTER - TREAS.

Y. M. C. A.



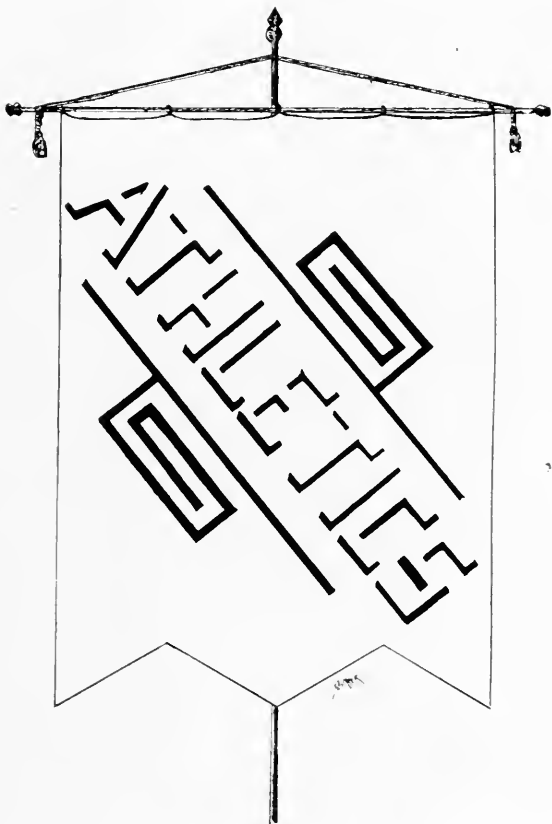
G. S. QUILLIN - PRES.



L. V. COGGINS - SEC.



P. D. CROOM - COR. SEC.



Cheer Leaders



L. T. GIBSON, *Chief*



B. T. WARD, *Assistant*



[illegible]

SOCIETY
DAYS
ENSES

INCA FUND

[illegible]

UNLOADED

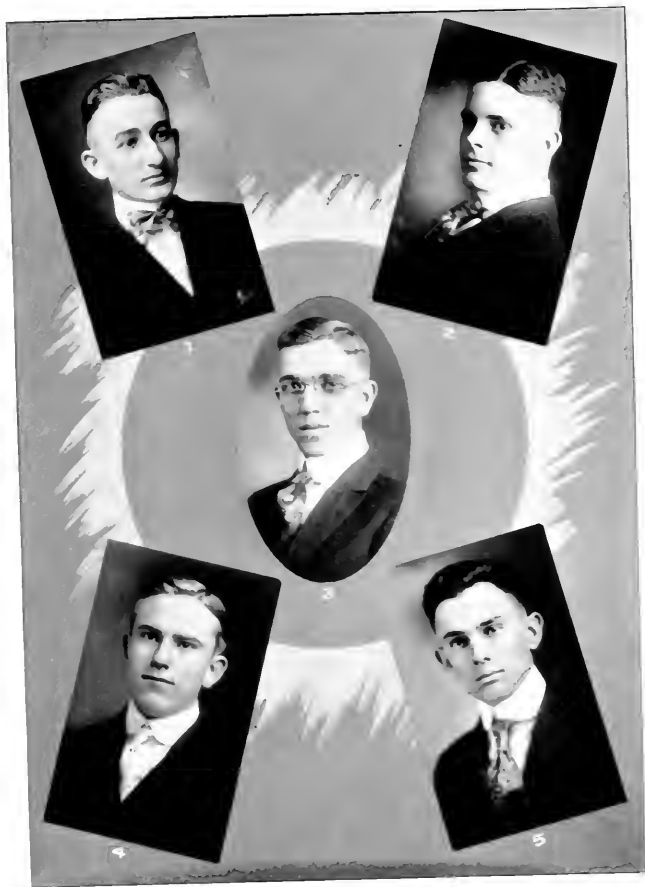
DONT FORGET
YOUR
WASH BILL
OLD PAL.

NO AMMUNITION

BOOK

Empty

1. The first thing I noticed
 when I stepped out of the car
 was the smell of the sea.
 It was a salty, fresh scent
 that I had never before.
 I had heard that the beach
 was beautiful, but I didn't
 know it would be so perfect.
 The sand was soft and warm,
 and the water was crystal clear.
 I had heard that the beach
 was beautiful, but I didn't
 know it would be so perfect.
 The sand was soft and warm,
 and the water was crystal clear.



ATHLETIC MANAGERS

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| (1) W. B. GLADNEY, Football | (3) M. T. RANKIN, Tennis |
| (2) S. A. THOMPSON, Basket-ball | (4) R. L. HINCHER, Jr., Baseball |
| (5) J. R. BRITT, Track | |



A.D. PACE
FOOTBALL



E.T. McDONNELL
COACH



L.G. ELLIS
BASEBALL



H.A. HANBY
BASKETBALL

OUR
COACH
AND
CAPTAINS



W.V. SAVAGE
TRACK

FOOT

BALL





MISS ELIZABETH GWYNN
Sponsor
FOOTBALL



Grinnell Uggie

Football 1917

CARRYING out the hardest schedule which a Wake Forest football team has ever had, followed always by the ever-annoying jynx, and handicapped by the number of inexperienced men on it, the 1917 Football Team, coached by E. T. MacDonnell of Colgate, closed the season on Thanksgiving with a record of six defeats, one tie, and one victory, out of eight games played.

The team scored a total of 59 points to its opponents' 215. Coach MacDonnell, in spite of the scoring record of his team, has made a very good impression as coach, and considering the handicaps he has had to overcome, has done very well indeed.

Rabenhorst, the captain-elect, and Blanchard have been the outstanding stars of the season, and it has been mainly because of their efforts that the team has scored at all. Both of these men were picked on the All-State team, and both will be back next year to help build up a winning team at Wake Forest. Bowers, Tatum, the two Paces, Croom, and Gay are to be commended for the playing they have done during the season, although they did not play as brilliantly as did Rabenhorst and Blanchard.

Coach MacDonnell, upon arriving at Wake Forest to begin his first year here as football coach, found everything unfavorable to the development of a good football team. There were twenty-eight men out for the team, only three of whom were regulars from last season. For a time it seemed that Wake Forest would have absolutely nothing in the way of a football team. However, several men, who had been delayed on account of the draft and for other reasons, reported for practice a week or two late, and prospects began to be much brighter.

The scores of the games were:

			<i>Played</i>
Georgia Tech.....	33	Wake Forest.....	0 At Atlanta, Ga.
Furman University	7	Wake Forest.....	6 At Greenville, S. C.
Guilford College	0	Wake Forest.....	20 At Wake Forest.
North Carolina State.....	17	Wake Forest.....	6 At Raleigh.
Maryland Agricultural College.....	29	Wake Forest.....	13 At College, Md.
V. P. I.	50	Wake Forest.....	0 At Blacksburg, Va.
Davidson	72	Wake Forest.....	7 At Greensboro.
Hampden-Sidney	7	Wake Forest.....	7 At Norfolk, Va.

The season, unsuccessful as it was in games won and points scored, brought before North Carolina football fans two of the most brilliant football players seen in action in this part of the country for years. Rabenhorst, captain-elect of the 1918 team, starred in practically every game, and scored 47 of the Baptists' 59 points. Blanchard at right tackle in most of the games, and at full-back and end in two games, was picked with Rabenhorst for a place on the All-State team.



BASKET BALL



MISS DALORES CROZIER

Sponsor

BASKET-BALL



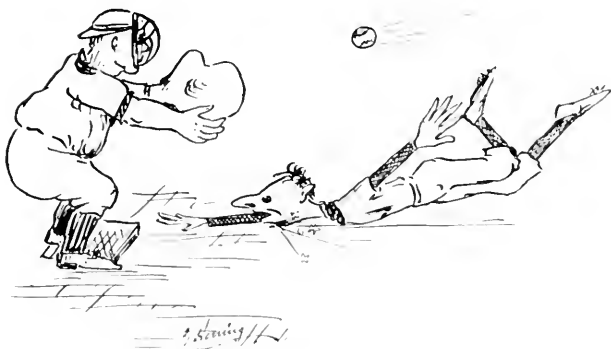
1. Jerry Glueckhorst
2. Phil Neal
3. Ben Sowers
4. Bill Floyd
5. Howard Oldenby - Captain.
6. Bill Jones
7. Bob Thompson
8. Tom Sauter
9. Bill Harrison
10. Paul Vaughan
- 11
12. Burns Thompson
13. Coach McDonald

Basket-Ball

WHILE not laying any claims to the State championship, the Wake Forest Basket-Ball Team made a good record this year, considering the many handicaps imposed upon it. The Baptists made a six-day tour through Virginia. The schedule for the season was:

January 12.	Durham Y. M. C. A. at Durham.
January 23.	Atlantic Christian College at Wake Forest.
January 26.	Guilford at Wake Forest.
January 29.	A. and E. at Raleigh.
February 1.	Emory and Henry at Wake Forest.
February 5.	Elon at Wake Forest.
February 9.	Durham Y. M. C. A. at Wake Forest.
February 11.	Eastern College at Wake Forest.
February 16.	A. and E. at Wake Forest.
February 18.	V. P. I. at Blacksburg, Va.
February 19.	Emory and Henry at Emory, Va.
February 20.	Roanoke at Salem, Va.
February 21.	Randolph-Macon at Ashland, Va.
February 22.	Richmond Y. M. C. A. at Richmond, Va.
February 23.	Elon at Elon.
February 26.	A. and E. at Raleigh.

BASE BALL





MISS VIRGINIA MAUNEY
Sponsor
BASEBALL

Waldkarris
Gates
Curry
Billings
Sims
Billings
J. W. Jones



me

Travis

Frank

Smith

Ellis

Baseball 1917

WAKE FOREST closed a very successful season with the A. and E. series and the only scheduled game with the University of North Carolina to the credit of the Baptists. Although the season closed on the .500 mark, an investigation shows that of the seven college games, four were won and three lost. Two league games were dropped, while the Raleigh professionals received a defeat at the hands of Coach Billings' nine. A comparison of the records made by the various colleges of the State shows that Wake Forest put in a strong bid for State honors.

The most signal achievement of the season was the capturing of the entire series from State College, and defeating the University on its home ground in the only scheduled game of the season. Honors were divided with Elon, and games were lost to Guilford and Davidson. Durham and Rocky Mount League teams won from the Baptists, but Wake Forest took a victory from the Capitals by the score of 9 to 2.

The season as a whole was considered very successful. The Baptist nine showed an especial familiarity with the stick, as is shown from the averages below. Duncan, the former Clayton High School star, developed into one of the best short-stops in the State, and led the hitting of Wake Forest with an average of .334. Cox, first baseman, played spectacular ball throughout the season, and aided the Baptists materially by his heavy hitting. Captain Ellis had a very successful season on the mound, and proved an asset to the locals when at bat. Coach Billings deserves much credit for the showing he made, as he had to fill a number of places on the nine from raw material.

The batting averages for the team for the season follow:

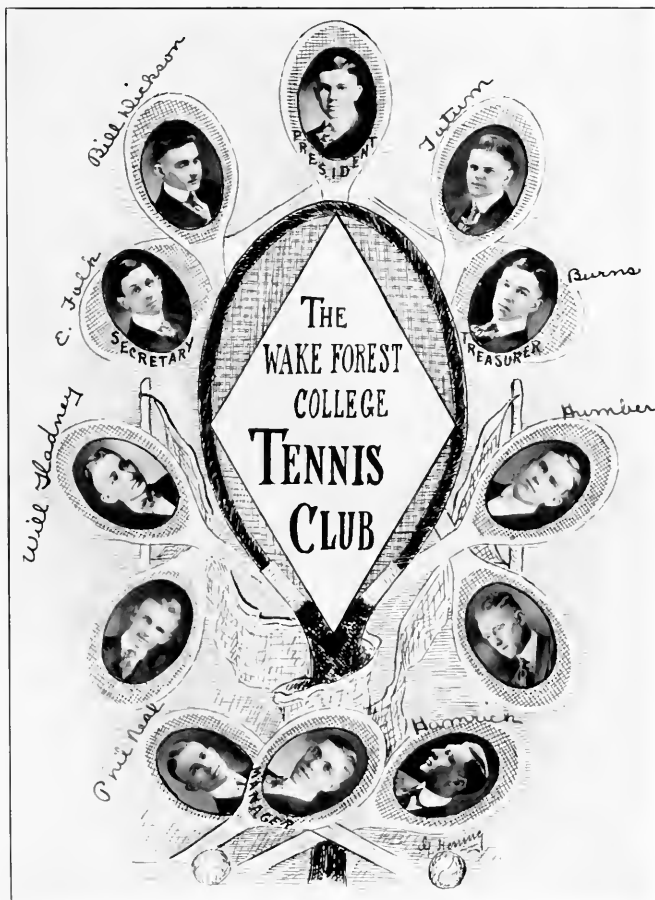
<i>Name</i>	<i>Games</i>	<i>IB</i>	<i>R</i>	<i>H</i>	<i>Av.</i>
Duncan, ss.	12	52	10	20	.334
Ridge, ss.	3	12	1	4	.333
Cox, 1b.	12	46	7	15	.326
Carlyle, 2b.	9	35	2	10	.285
Gwynn, cf.	10	30	7	8	.278
Harris, cf.	7	21	4	5	.238
Ellis, p.	10	37	3	8	.216
Leggett, 3b.	12	11	3	8	.195
Vashev, c.	12	45	3	8	.177
Hendon, lf.	12	47	4	8	.171
Franks, p.	9	19	1	3	.157
Austin, p.	6	9	2	1	.111
Johnson, 3b.	4	6	2	0	.000

TENNIS





MISS GENEVIEVE SMITH
Sponsor
TENNIS CLUB



Tennis

IN September, 1916, twelve members of the student body of Wake Forest College met together and organized themselves into a tennis club. They secured for the club's exclusive use, and put into good playing condition, two courts near the athletic field. The zeal of this nucleus of tennis enthusiasts was contagious, and soon spread through the whole College.

During the present session the display of this enthusiasm was much more manifest, and at all times the courts were full. Under the leadership of its president, C. S. Black, the club enjoyed a delightful season of tennis. In the tennis tournament, held under the auspices of the club to select a team, the same men who were victorious in several intercollegiate matches last year, C. G. Best, A. P. Sledd, and E. E. Folk, again won out. On Society Day this team "went through" the Elon College team to the clip of 6-2, 6-4 in doubles, and 6-2, 6-4 in singles. The other single match was called off on account of darkness. Several other matches were scheduled, but on account of bad weather, and for various other reasons, they could not be played.

The following are the members of the club: Amos, Black, Burns, Carroll, Dawes, Dickson, Folk, Gladney, Humber, Privott, Rankin, Tatum, Willis, Hamrick, Neal.





TRACK



MISS MAGNOLIA ROBERTSON

Sponsor

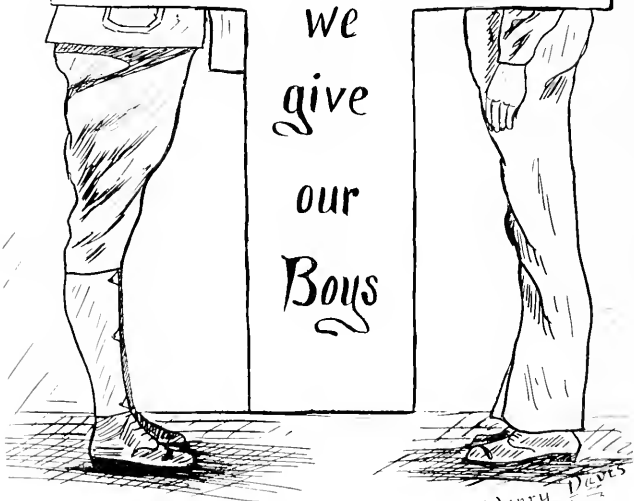
TRACK





For God and our Country

we
give
our
Boys



Henry Davis
1917

ORGANIZATIONS



POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB



EAGLE



QUINN



REID



CS. BLACK - 181-184



S. S. HAYS
181-184



H. J. HAYS
181-184



E. BRYAN

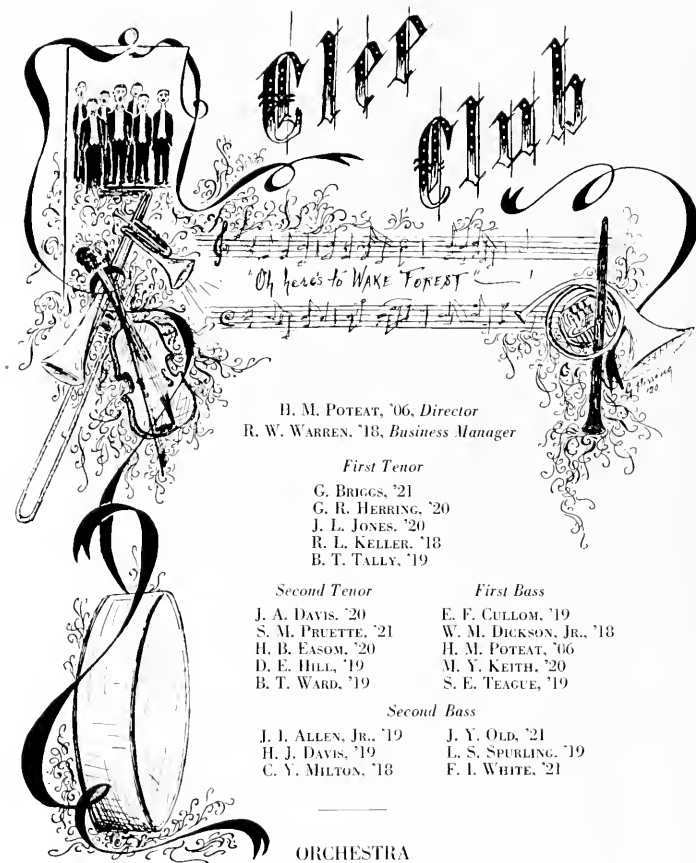


S. ALCOCK



LILES

THE LAVOISIER
CHEMICAL SOCIETY
1918



H. M. POTEAT, '06, *Director*
R. W. WARREN, '18, *Business Manager*

First Tenor

G. BRIGGS, '21
G. R. HERRING, '20
J. L. JONES, '20
R. L. KELLER, '18
B. T. TALLY, '19

Second Tenor

J. A. DAVIS, '20
S. M. PRUETTE, '21
H. B. EASOM, '20
D. E. HILL, '19
B. T. WARD, '19

First Bass

E. F. CULLOM, '19
W. M. DICKSON, JR., '18
H. M. POTEAT, '06
M. Y. KEITH, '20
S. E. TEAGUE, '19

Second Bass

J. I. ALLEN, JR., '19
H. J. DAVIS, '19
C. Y. MILTON, '18
J. Y. OLD, '21
L. S. SPURLING, '19
F. I. WHITE, '21

ORCHESTRA

G. R. HERRING	First Violin
R. D. CALDWELL, JR., '20	First Violin
R. A. HERRING, '21	Flute
J. M. SCARBOROUGH, '21	First Cornet
F. I. WHITE	Second Cornet
J. E. AMOS, '21	French Horn
H. M. POTEAT	Trombone
M. Y. KEITH	Snare Drum
H. B. EASOM	Bass Drum
E. F. CULLOM	Piano



WEST FOREST COLLEGE GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA



MISS EDNA EARL HARRIS

Sponsor

SOUTH CAROLINA CLUB



South Carolina Club



Place of Meeting: Anywhere outside of Louisiana.

Votto: "Do things and people."

Time of Meeting: 30th of February, 19 a. m.

Purpose: To ruin THE HOWLER.

Expression: "Here I come!"

Flower: Magnolia.

Poem: Shakespear has'n't written it yet.

OFFICERS

<i>Grand Chancellor of the High Order of the Powers of Darkness</i>	E. T. MacDONNELL
<i>Queen of the Dining Table</i>	Mrs. E. T. MacDONNELL
<i>Custodian of the Cups</i>	W. B. GLADNEY
<i>Keeper of the Keys</i>	S. S. MEEK
<i>Chaplain</i>	F. A. BLANCHARD
<i>Special Agent of the Powers of Darkness</i>	H. A. RABENHORST

Robeson County Club



Duplin County Club





Brushy Mountaineers

"AJAX" FRANKLIN	Chief
"SEABOARD" BEACHBOARD	Assistant Chief
"RUNT" BOWERS	Head Scout
"BUSY" HAMRICK	Other Scouts
"PHIL" NEAL	Other Scouts
"FAT" HAMRICK	Head Scalper
"MOONSHINE" HORTON	Other Scalpers
"BRUSHY" FOUTS	Other Scalpers
"DREADNAUGHT" COWAN	Other Scalpers
"NEWISH" PANGLE	War Council
"SKY" OWEN	War Council
"PARSON" CLARK	War Council

Object: To Dodge the Senate Committee.

Ambition: To "Get" Every Newish.

Meeting Place: Around the Blacking Pot.

Password: Safety First.

Motto: En pro del colegio.

Favorite Song: We Don't Know Where We're Going.

Favorite Color: Strawberry Blonde.

Favorite Pastime: Cutting Classes.

Favorite Flower: Gooseberry.

Toast: We never take time.

Franklin County Club



The Masonic Club



The "Runt" Club



CLUB OFFICERS

C. F. RIDGE	President
R. L. KELLER	"Kute" Officer
G. BOWERS	Chaplain
LADD W. HAMRICK	Financier
W. S. HADLEY	Club Physician
BIG BLANCHARD	Mascot

Motto: We look down on no one.

Object: To reduce.

Ambition: To initiate Goliath.

Meeting Place: Holding's Pond.

Time of Meeting: Two-to-two-to-two-two.

Passuord: Eat more beans.

Favorite Flower: Century Plant.

Favorite Pastime: Feeling big.

Favorite Drink: Moonshine.

Favorite Tree: Chinese Hothouse Oak.

Favorite Jewel: Ruby Glass.

The Singleton Oaks

SAMUEL A. DERIEUX

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

[Reprinted from *Youth's Companion*]

IN khaki and leggings and broad-brimmed hat, Arthur Singleton stood halfway between the house and the road, and directed three negroes who were plowing deep for cotton. Three months ago he had come home from the state agricultural college to take charge of the plantation; and even in that short time the results of his vigorous administration were visible.

The old hedge-rows that had once stretched from the mansion to the big road had been cut; the site of the flower garden had been plowed under; an avenue of half-dead trees had been removed and the driveway narrowed. Only the Singleton oaks remained. They bordered the road on either side for a quarter of a mile. Their rugged outlines were softened now by the filmy green tracery of early spring. On the topmost branch of the tallest tree a mocking-bird poured out his joy to the morning.

As Arthur's father, Maj. Francis Singleton, came out on the big white-columned portico and took his seat in the sunlight, he turned toward him. Then with a final look at the three negroes, who were shouting at their mules and who were plowing faster than they had ever plowed before, he strode toward the house. The Major smiled as his son came up on the portico. Arthur leaned against one of the columns and looked at his father.

The young man cleared his throat. "I have decided," he said, "that those oaks out there on the road must go."

The old gentleman grasped his stick tighter and, with challenging eyes, glanced up from underneath his broad hat. "Why?" he demanded.

"They shade the cotton, father. Their roots rob the soil. The lumber company will pay well for them, cut and hauled, and we need the money to meet the note for fertilizer."

"Why, Arthur, do you know, sir, that those trees have been famous for two centuries, that travelers from afar have praised them, that General Marion in the Revolutionary War used to rest his forces underneath them?"

"I know all that, father, but—"

"All these years," continued the Major, not heeding the interruption, "they have blessed tired man and beast. Now that the forests are cut, they form an oasis along a blazing road. To cut them, sir, would be sacrilege!"

"That's sentiment, father."

"Yes, sir," admitted the Major, "it's sentiment."

"Don't you think that sentiment has cost us enough in the past, father?"

Arthur flushed and checked himself. Perhaps he had gone too far. Under his father's mismanagement the original plantation had sadly dwindled. Notes signed without question for army comrades in need and for distant relatives had consumed hundreds of acres. In Arthur's opinion, sentiment had been the old gentleman's besetting weakness, and he had come home firmly resolved to fight it. The fight was on, and he must win.

"You see, father," he continued, "we have to meet that note for fertilizer. You can't meet a note these days with anything except money. As for the oaks, I love them as much as you."

The Major smiled a little bitterly. "Do you?" he asked. "You do not remember your mother well, Arthur. She died when you were quite young. She loved those trees. When she was a slender bride she used to walk under them. After you learned to toddle she took you out there." The Major smiled. "Such a tiny tot, under such giant trees— I see it all again. Those trees are entwined with the life of your ancestors. They—"

"Father!" Arthur interposed, more deeply moved than he would admit to himself. "You are getting away from the matter in hand. The note! I say we must meet the note!"

"Can it not be renewed? I know the president of the bank well. He comes of a good family."

"Oh, father, you know nothing of modern business! A note promptly met means ready credit in the future, and that means everything to us. I have just begun this work. I must, I will see it succeed— unless you, father, tie my hands with sentiment!"

"Are your hands so easily tied?" asked the Major, serenely.

Arthur flushed angrily. The impossibility of standing on common ground with his father in these matters stung him to a sort of desperation. He took a step forward and looked straight into the Major's eyes.

"I took charge of the plantation under an agreement, sir. That agreement was, that in matters of this sort I was to have my way. You said at the time it was a gentleman's agreement, and—"

"Have a care, young man!" cried the Major. "I do not need you to remind me that a gentleman's agreement is binding. I might remind you, though, that there are certain tacit considerations— that a gentleman's agreement is not to be pushed to its technical limits. If so, it ceases to be a gentleman's agreement."

"There's the note," Arthur said, grimly. "Nothing except money will satisfy the note. I appeal to our agreement."

The Major rose from his chair and, straightening his bent shoulders, looked Arthur steadily in the eye. "Do you interpret the agreement as meaning that you have a right to cut those trees?"

"Emphatically, I do!"

"Then the oaks shall be cut. Hank!" he called to an old negro who just then came round the corner of the house. "Tell the boys first thing in the morning to get at those oaks along the road."

"What you gwine do wid 'em, suh?" asked Hank.

"Cut them down."

"Cut 'em down! Cut 'em!" The old negro's jaw dropped in blank amazement, and his eyes suddenly grew big.

"They shade the cotton, Hank."

"But cotton grow up in a year, suh!" pleaded Hank, twisting his limp hat as if it were a rag. "It take a t'ousand years to grow dem trees."

"The matter's settled. Tell the boys."

Hank, mumbling to himself, hobbled down the steps. The Major went into the house.

Dinner that day was eaten in silence. Old Mandy, the cook, as she waited on the table, now and then cast angry glances at Arthur. Hank always sought the kitchen with his griefs and indignation. Arthur knew that most of the silent rebellions against his regime originated in the kitchen.

"I am going to Charleston this afternoon, father," said Arthur, when the meal was over. "I shall now be able to meet the note. It removes a burden from my mind."

"I am glad the burden is removed," replied Major Singleton. "You have worked hard, my boy."

That afternoon Arthur drove to the station and took the train for Charleston. He was going to attend to business, that was true; but if he had looked deep into his heart he would have discovered that he was in fact running away. He did not want to be with his father that afternoon, and he did not want to see the trees come crashing down in the morning.

Once in the city, however, his feelings changed. Here was life and stir and business. He walked briskly uptown. The sight of the cadets drilling in Citadel Square thrilled him. Like him, these were clean-cut young fellows, members of a new generation, practical and efficient. With a touch of pity, he thought of his father and the old generation that had dreamed away their lives.

He had turned into King Street, when a touring car, spattered with mud and with a trunk strapped on behind, passed him. The driver turned suddenly and waved his hand to him. It was Fred Graham, an old college friend from the upper part of the State, in whose home he had spent Thanksgiving. Beside Fred sat Mary Graham, with her veil flying out behind. The car turned to the curb and stopped, and Arthur hurried toward them.

"Climb in," commanded Fred, as they shook hands. "We are taking our spring vacation trip. You must eat supper with us tonight."

As the car moved on, Mary Graham turned half round to him. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes dancing. "You can't guess whom we saw this afternoon," she said. "We saw your father! I'm sure it was he."

A skeptical snort from her brother indicated that he was less certain.

"It was your father, wasn't it?"

"I don't know," said Arthur, laughing. "Where was he and what was he doing?"

Mary turned round and rested her little gloved hand on the back of the seat. "About forty miles back on the road, near Eutawville, we passed him. He and an old

negro were walking along the road, under a grove of trees. It was your father, wasn't it?"

With a sober face Arthur nodded assent. Mary turned to her brother, triumphantly.

"I told you so," she said. "For one thing, Arthur, he looked like you."

At that moment Fred stopped the car in front of the hotel, and the conversation was interrupted. A few minutes later the three went into the large white dining-room; they had it almost to themselves, for the winter tourists had departed and the travel to the coast had not begun.

"Now," began Arthur, when they had ordered supper, "tell me about father."

The girl leaned forward eagerly. "We had been driving through a level, dreary country, when we suddenly ran into an enchanted spot. On both sides of the road grew great, wonderful oaks that met overhead. I just made Fred slow down. Then I saw across the fields the old mansion with its white columns, and the other houses grouped around. I remembered your description of your home, and I told Fred I believed that was the very place."

"You haven't said anything about father yet," Arthur said.

"Oh, that's the best of all! Your father and an old negro, both bareheaded, were walking under the trees. They did not hear us coming. Now and then they stopped and looked up at the trees like children, and your father pointed out something with his cane. In the afternoon sunlight the whole scene was magical."

"She's full of sentiment," said Fred, laughing. But Arthur was wondering whether, after all, sentiment was not one of the best things in the world.

"They both bowed low as we passed," Mary went on. "When I looked back, they had continued their walk. You know, I had a strange feeling. I felt that the old gentleman and his servant were in some sort of trouble, and that I should like to serve them."

There was another burst of laughter from Fred. The waiter was coming toward them at last, balancing his tray; but Arthur, rising suddenly, glanced at his watch.

"Perhaps you have served them," he said gently to Mary. "I hate to break away like this, but I've got to go home, and I have only ten minutes to catch the train."

"Oh!" cried Mary. "There was nothing the matter; really, there wasn't. Your father looked well and ruddy. I didn't mean —"

"I know," Arthur replied, with a smile. "There is nothing serious. I just feel that I ought to go. This train is the last chance until tomorrow afternoon."

"Now, what's all this?" demanded Fred, rising, with his napkin in his hand. "Mary, you have played thunder with the delicate feelings of our one-time all-star tackle. Are you really going, Arthur? Well, it looks like a case of temporary insanity, but I'll take you to the station in the car. I'll be back in ten minutes, Mary."

Arthur shook hands with Mary, and the two young men hurried out of the dining-room and to the garage. Then Fred drove swiftly to the station; the two jumped out and ran through the waiting-room to the shed. The train was pulling out. The gates were closed.

Fred put his hand on Arthur's shoulder. "Nothing serious, old man, is it?"

"Oh, no," replied Arthur.

"Taken this way often?"

"No—not often enough."

They went back and had their supper. Then all three took a walk through the city. When they said good-night in the lobby at the hotel, Mary came close to Arthur.

"What was the matter?" she asked, with a serious look on her face.

For a moment Arthur was on the point of telling her about the trees, and then he said, "Why, I just thought of something that I ought to attend to—nothing serious."

Arthur crawled wearily into bed, but he could not sleep. Now that the sounds of the street were silent, the picture of old Hank and his father taking their last walk under the trees became more and more vivid in his mind. He went over again and again his conversation with his father that morning. He knew that he had over-emphasized the importance of meeting the note—that he could renew the note without much hurting his credit.

His father's words about the agreement recurred to him. Had he not overstepped the bounds of a gentlemen's agreement in insisting that the trees his father loved be cut? The trees themselves seemed to rise before his eyes in long, stately lines—giants that had battled a hundred tempests. He could see them prostrate now, with only the ugly stumps to mock the spot they had blessed.

Midnight struck—1 o'clock—2 o'clock. In four hours the destruction would begin. Through his window he could see the moon, shining bright. Was his father looking at the oaks now in the moonlight for the last time?

Springing out of bed, Arthur Singleton turned on the light and dressed. He hurried down the silent hall to Fred's room. He knocked on the door until at last Fred, frowzy-haired and blinking, opened it. Fred looked at his friend with unfeigned astonishment.

"Another fit?" he asked.

"Fred," said Arthur, "I am going to ask a favor of you. Will you take me home?"

"When?"

"Now."

"What for?"

"I must go, Fred; I must."

"Arthur Singleton," said Fred, seriously, "you used to be a sensible fellow, or at least I thought so; but if you aren't acting like a crazy person now, I'm crazy myself. I don't understand you, but I'm game. I'll take you."

Fred began to dress.

"Now," he continued, when he had put on his coat, "I'll tell Mary. If she wakes up and finds I'm not here, she'll be worried."

He was gone for some time, and when he returned he said, "Mary insists on going, too; she'll be along in a minute. It's catching, Arthur—this complaint of yours. I feel it coming on, myself."

Day was breaking when they came in sight of the oaks. Arthur had told Mary and Fred why he wanted to get home, and Fred, although he had laughed, had driven like a madman. Up the driveway they sped to the big porch. Hank came round to meet them.

"Where is father?" Arthur demanded, eagerly, as he climbed out of the car.

"He riz early, suh," replied the old negro, coldly. "He walked off dat way." Hank pointed in the direction opposite the oaks.

"He couldn't stand to see them cut," said Mary softly to Arthur, and her eyes were bright with happiness. "Oh, he'll be so happy now!"

"It's cold and damp for him to be out," Arthur said to Hank.

"Me and Mandy done wropped him up, suh," the old negro replied. "Me and Mandy been a-lookin' arter him for twenty year, suh."

"The trees are not to be cut, Hank," said Arthur. "Tell the boys to go on with the plowing."

"What dat, Marse Arthur?" cried Hank. "What dat I hear you say, suh? De trees, de trees!" He was trembling with joy.

"They are not to be cut down."

"Mandy! Mandy! whar are you, ol' woman? Is you deaf?"

Hank hobbled toward the kitchen.

Arthur turned to his friends. "I think I know where father's gone. There's an old negro in a cabin in those woods. He went through the war with father."

"We'll follow!" cried Mary. And the three started by a path across the fields.

The sun had risen bright when they reached the cabin. Major Singleton heard their steps and came out to meet them.

"Father!" Arthur drew himself up like a soldier making his report. "I came home to save the Singleton oaks."

The Major glanced quickly at the faces round him. "But how about the note?" he asked.

"I exaggerated the importance of meeting the note now," he said. "We can renew it, of course. I wanted to have my own way, sir." Arthur turned to Mary. "She changed my mind, sir. This is Mary Graham. You have heard all about the Gramams."

As Major Singleton bared his head, the sun glistened on his silvery hair. He took the girl's hand and looked into her eyes.

"My dear young woman," he said, "if Arthur had not changed his purpose in your presence, he would not have been a son of mine."

Arthur took a deep breath of the morning air. The tears were not far from his eyes; for as he looked at the old gentleman and the young woman, he knew that something of his father's sentiment lived in his own heart, and he thanked God for the heritage.

JOKES.



SMILEY CLARK: Wonder why they put the water tank on the church.

NEWISH AMOS (*meeting a Miss Hatcher*): How do you do, Miss Incubator?

NEWISH DODD (*before Society Day*): What can I say to my girl when I run out of questions?

DR. HUBERT: What the Sam Hill are you going to do—give an oral quiz?

DR. PEARSON: Did Columbus die in ignorance of the fact that he had discovered America?

NEWISH (*sleepily*): No, sir; he died in prison.

PITMAN (*volunteering*): Put me in anything but the cavalry.

OFFICER: Why not the cavalry?

PITMAN: Because, when the bugle sounds retreat, I don't want to have to fool with a horse.

QUEEN has invented a new verb in Latin: pigo, pigere, squeali, gruntum.

PROFESSOR DERIEUX: Why are you so late?

JESS WILLARD: Every time I took one step, I slipped back two.

PROFESSOR DERIEUX: How did you get here, then?

JESS: I turned around and started back to my room.

WILLIS: How did Uzzle get such a leg on Dr. Pearson?

CROOM: By chasing golf balls.

ROBBINS: How much does Pruette get for coaching the football team?

BRITT: Say, what course do you take?

SKY POTTS: A.B. Ministerial. What do you take?

BRITT: A.B. Heathen.

DR. POTEAT (*making announcements in chapel*): I shall be glad to hear of the death of any Wake Forest alumni.

LIEUTENANT TATUM (*on military drill*): Now, just look at that! Everybody is out of step but me.

DR. COCHRAN (*to negro man*): How would you like to go up in an aeroplane?

NEGRO: Nossir, I wouldn't like it.

DOCTOR: Why?

NEGRO: Because the engine might choke down and I'd have to get out and crank.

We regret to announce the death of an old alumnus of Wake Forest—Mr. I. M. Fake. When his rubber boot and shoe factory caught on fire, he put on 19 pairs of rubber boots and jumped out of the office, on the seventh floor. Each time he hit, he bounced twice as high as he fell from. So at last a friend shot him to keep him from killing himself.

JABEZ WILLIAMS, finding his bank account overdrawn, gave a check for the amount.

NOTICE—The Seaboard trains, from now on, will not run on schedule, but will be due to come once a day.

NEWISH BENNETT (*under shower*): I can't take a bath.

HANBY: Why?

BENNETT: Because the water runs out as fast as it runs in, and never fills the tub.

QUESTION: How much did Pork Brand Myers make selling song-books to newish?

(After going 70,000 feet in the air) There is nothing on earth like it.

SKY NANCE (*at Newish reception*): Miss Paschal, is this your first year at Meredith?

PROFESSOR DERIELX: Mr. Walters, what is the hyphen in bird-cage for?

WALTERS: That's for the bird to sit on.

TRAHEY: Did you ever tell a lie?

SKY DAVIS: No.

TRAHEY: Won't you and George Washington be mighty lonesome in heaven?

HOBGOOD: I can't eat this steak.

FAT HAMRICK: It must be all right; we had it approved by a Government inspector yesterday.

HOBGOOD: Armor-plate expert, I suppose.

WANTED TO KNOW—If Hill spells his name with an i or an e.

SPURLING says that Red Milton has been using his glass of water for a finger-bowl since the Glee Club trip.

DR. HUBERT: Why don't you know this Latin lesson better?

RED SCARBOROUGH: I have something on my mind.

DR. HUBERT: You have nothing on your mind except a shock of red hair.

GRESHAM: Hardin, where is your home?

HARDIN: Tennessee.

GRESHAM: Is that in this State?

WILLIS: I can't play tennis with my girl.

AMOS: Why?

WILLIS: She always beats me love score.

WHAT WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—What Dr. Pearson says when he breaks a golf club.

Some one has advanced the opinion that the letter E is the most unfortunate letter in the alphabet:

It is never out of danger, always out of cash, forever in debt, in hell all the time. We call attention to the fact that E is never in war and always in peace. It is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease, and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no coffee, no bread, no life, no chicken, no heaven, no money, no HOWLER.

A PERMANENT JOKE—The Shoo-Fly is due to run at 5:12

Some time ago Newish Fleetwood's dog disappeared. Some one asked him why he didn't advertise for it. "You fool!" he exclaimed, "that dog couldn't read an advertisement, if he has been at W. F. three months!"

MATRON to PUP HADLEY: Won't you have some more meat?

HADLEY: Thank you, just a small mouthful.

MATRON: Here, Joe, fill Mr. Hadley's plate.

MEEK: Noah must have had to fish a lot while the earth was covered with water.

GLADNEY: But remember, he had only two worms.

McCALLUM: Why is it that they call Amos an effeminate talker? Sounds to me like he talks coarse enough.

SMILEY CLARK: He talks all the time.

LEST WE FORGET:

That Shelby Meek got on THE HOWLER staff.

That Spo Savage takes PSYCHOLOGY.

That Sink has been to Japan.

That McKaughan made the football team.

That Fats Bundy went to Meredith, Fair week.

That B. S. Liles is a Senior.

That Uzzle plays golf.

That Jack Franklin is Vice President of the Senior Class.

That Jack Joyner went to Oglethorpe.

That Dorsett is from a rabbit country.

That Trueblood isn't back this year, and that Amos has his place on the Glee Club.

WANTED TO KNOW:

If Big Boy Blanchard was ever little—NUBBIN RIDGE.

If Bundy has ever found the jitney-line—CROOM.

If Uzzle ever goes to chapel—DEAN.

When prohibition will prohibit in W. F.—FACULTY.

Why they call Smiley Clark "Jap."

Which Senior has a library card—COCHRAN.

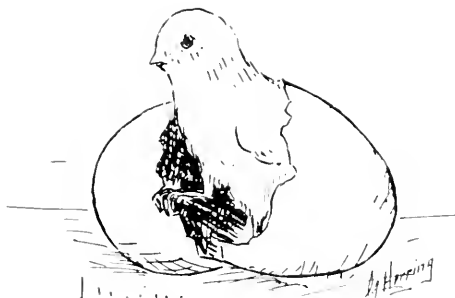
How Folk found his wife, January 26—EVERY ONE.

The difference between a new dime and an old penny—BEACHBOARD.

Why a nanny goat is called a milker and a billie a butter—WOODWARD.

What was so funny to Shorty Ridge on Society Day—HANBY.

If any of these jokes are original—READERS.



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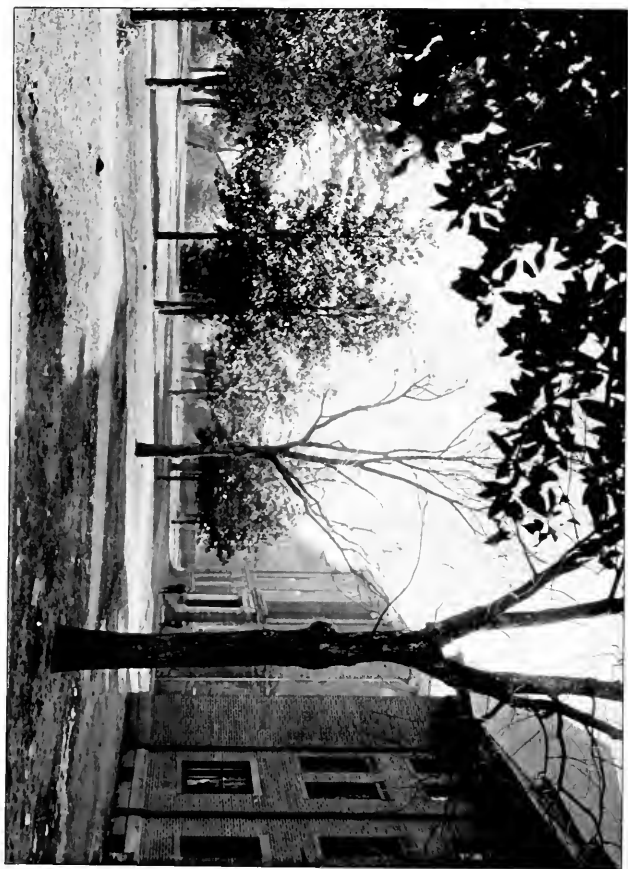
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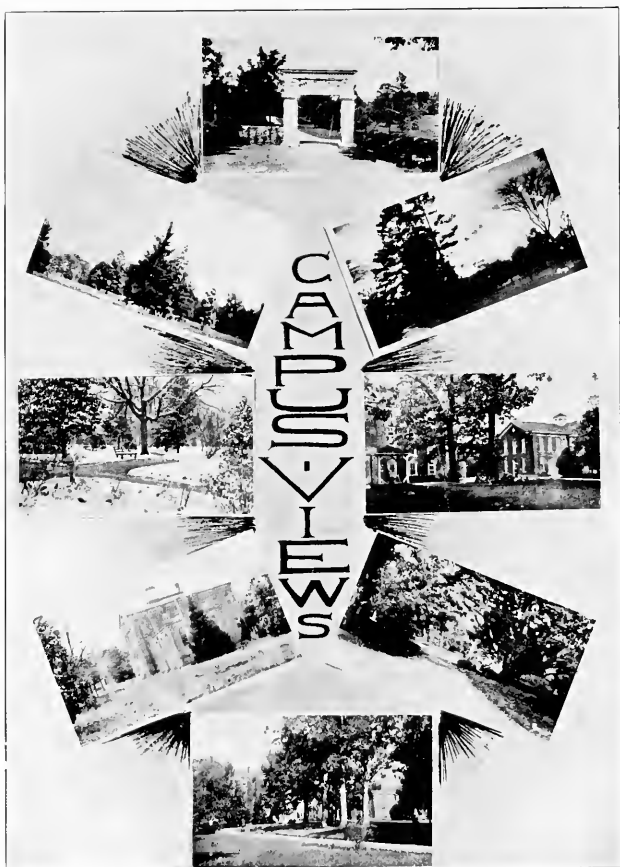
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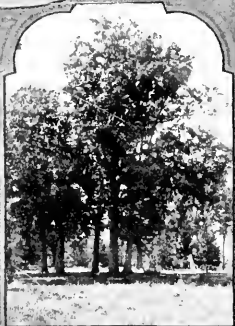
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